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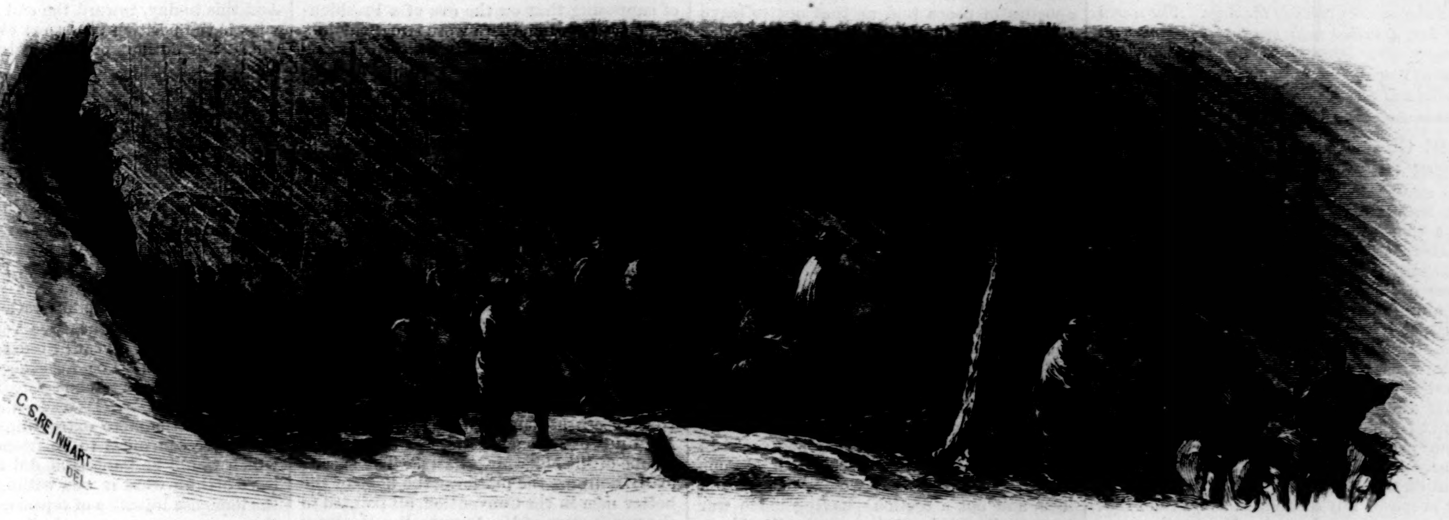

C.S.REINHART DEL.

"WHEN GRANT WENT FIGHTIN' TREASON HE NEVER MEANT TO FAIL."

THE OLD MAN GOES FOR GRANT.

By JOHN H. YATES.

We've had another meetin' at the school-house on the hill,
And cheers for Grant and Wilson were given with a will;
There were young men, there were maidens, there were gray-haired mothers there,
And songs for Grant and Wilson filled with melody the air.

We came to the conclusion, in looking matters o'er,
That *good* old Horace Greeley and the *Tribune* are no more:
The Presidential siren sang a very pretty song,
And Horace put his white hat on and followed her along.

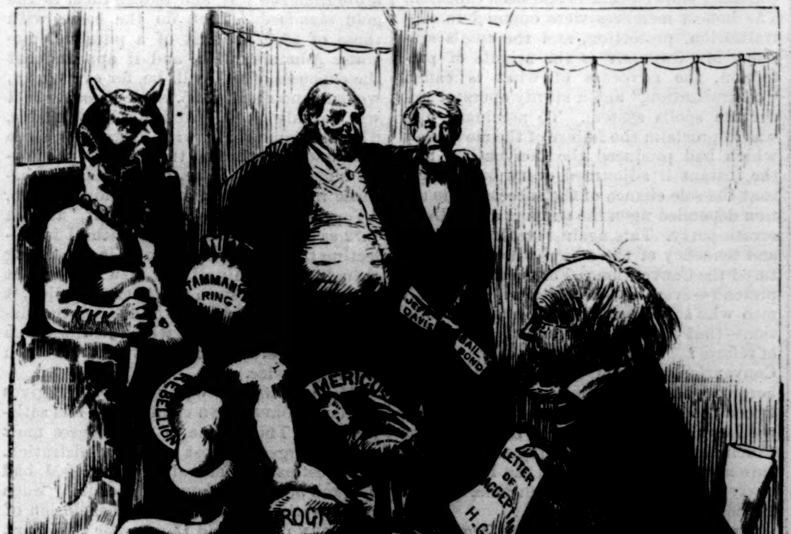
But he's tuck the wrong road, Betsey—a new, untrodden road;
The good things he has said of Grant will prove a heavy load;
But of all the loads he carries the heaviest will be
The load strapped on at Baltimore, called "evil company."

We're all poor creeturs at the best, and apt to go astray
When great temptations find our path and shine across our way;
My faith in human goodness grows weak—does almost fail—
When men like Horace Greeley bow down the knee to Baal.

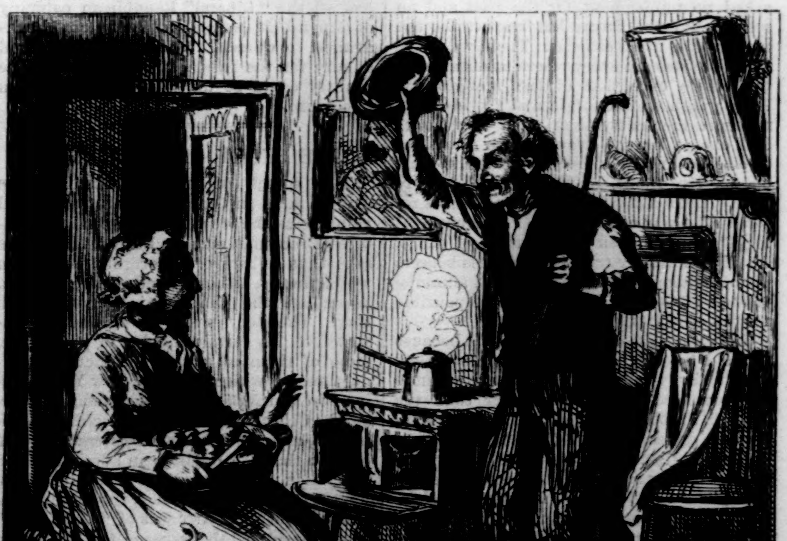
We've tuck the *Tribune* many years—we farmers 'round the hill;
Once it was law and gospel, but 'tis now a bitter pill:
Because one man leaves principle, and every thing that's good,
It doesn't stand to reason that all we farmers should.

No, Betsey; we go in for Grant, the war-tried, peace-tried man;
The one who routed rebels can rout this other clan.
When Grant went fightin' treason he never meant to fail,
And when he *hooped* the traitor *he didn't go her bail.*

Hurrah for Grant! hurrah for Grant!—don't call me crazy, wife.
I'm marching with Ulysses in the Presidential strife.
I can't vote many more times; my days are nearly through:
Hurrah for Grant, the leader of the boys who marched in blue!



"WHEN MEN LIKE HORACE GREELEY BOW DOWN THE KNEE TO BAAL."



"HURRAH FOR GRANT! HURRAH FOR GRANT!—DON'T CALL ME CRAZY, WIFE."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, October 19, 1872.

ROBINSON'S NEW NOVEL.

☞ *With this Number of* Harper's Weekly *is sent out gratuitously an* Eight-page Supplement, *containing the opening chapters of a new Novel by* F. W. Robinson, *author of* "*A Girl's Romance,*" "*For Her Sake,*" "*A Bridge of Glass,*" "*Mattie: A Stray,*" "*No Man's Friend,*" "*Poor Humanity,*" "*Stern Necessity,*" "*True to Herself,*" *etc., etc., entitled*

"LITTLE KATE KIRBY."

The heroine is a young and beautiful girl, gifted with a charming voice and fascinating grace of manner, whose father, a poor London clerk, has been imprisoned for a defalcation, and whose elder sister returns home from a foreign land to find that she has taken to the stage. The search for her, described with great pathos, makes the opening of a story which the readers of the Weekly *will find to be one of extraordinary interest and power.*

THE CRY OF "RECONCILIATION."

THE burden of Mr. Greeley's Western speeches was reconciliation and reform. Mr. Kernan, in his New York addresses, says that the Democrats have joined the "Liberal" Republicans for the purpose of securing those blessings. The Greeley press declares that the maladministration of office-holders must end, and that there must be "race concord" and generous justice. But neither Mr. Greeley, Mr. Kernan, nor the Greeley press define the word they most frequently use, or tell us what they mean by reconciliation. Mr. Schurz, indeed, describes what the Republican party might, in his judgment, have done. Yet almost all that it has done Mr. Schurz has supported; nor has he as Senator proposed any settlement other than that which has been adopted. Mr. Sumner says that the memories of civil war should not be perpetuated, and goes so far as to call the President "a regimental color with the forbidden inscription." How absolutely Mr. Sumner misconceives the patriotic heart of his country he will learn on the 5th of November.

What is meant by reconciliation? The close reader of Mr. Greeley's Western speeches will see that he never attempts to show that the President or the Republican party are now or have ever been vindictive. He makes a general statement of a disposition to keep open the wounds of war, while he knows, and the country knows, that he has warmly approved every measure which has been adopted, with the sole exception of the ineligibility of some two hundred persons to office, the only sign of penalty for the fearful treason of the war which survives, and a sign sure to be swept away by the spirit which has granted complete amnesty, which has not shed a single drop of blood, which held Jefferson Davis for a time a luxurious prisoner, then dismissed him unharmed, and which asks and has asked no punishment for the past and no security for the future but respect for the equal rights of all citizens. The laws of the United States are every where uniform, with the single exception of the ineligibility. They weigh upon Georgia and Florida with no more inequality than upon New York; and except for the provision for witnesses at elections where violence or fraud is feared, as Mr. Ellis H. Roberts admirably shows, not a statute of the last Congress refers to the war or its results. The national legislation has been a legislation of peace. And Mr. Greeley tries to excite his hearers about Arkansas, as if the national administration of General Grant were responsible for the constitution of that State.

If reconciliation is delayed, it is because the old "South" refuses to be reconciled, and it always will refuse. It will no more be reconciled to the new order than the English Jacobite was reconciled to the Hanoverian dynasty or the French Bourbon to the revolution. There was never any vindictive feeling in the loyal heart of the country. There has been no vindictive legislation. And since the feeling is right, all the reconciliation possible will be secured by the present equal laws justly administered. But the cry has quite another meaning than that which appears. The demand for reconciliation is a partisan cry, and it is one of the oldest and most familiar in this generation. Nobody has comprehended it more truly, despised it more thoroughly, and exposed it more zealously than Mr. Horace Greeley; and it is hard for those who know his course upon the subject to restrain a feeling of wonder as they read his Western speeches.

The Democratic cry of conciliation is as old as the aggression of slavery. Before the war, not to yield to its demands was to alienate and exasperate our Southern brethren. When Mr. Seward made the very simple and obvious remark that there was an irrepressible conflict between liberty and slavery, it was bitterly denounced as the brutal and bloody manifesto of civil war. Many a Northern pulpit besought us to aid with our prayers and sympathy our brethren who were zealously doing their Christian duty to the children of Ham. When slavery in arms upon fearful battle-fields, by firing our cities and spreading pestilence, was seeking to destroy the government, Fernando Wood and other evangelists, who are now very anxious for reconciliation, quoted the Sermon on the Mount, and begged us to surrender to the saints in gray. And when the bloodthirsty Grant and the boys in blue had smitten the rebellion, and there was not a word or thought of revenge except from Andrew Johnson, who was even then leaving the Republican party, the same Democratic apostles of peace told us that not to leave the freedmen to the mercy of black codes was to tear open old wounds and to fight old battles. A little later, to declare equal civil rights was vindictive, and a cowardly abuse of power. To admit all citizens to equal suffrage was a wanton blow at honorable and vanquished fellow-citizens. No man need be deceived. Precisely what Democratic conciliation meant with General M'Clellan in 1864, and with Mr. Seymour in 1868, it means with Mr. Greeley in 1872. "The policy of hate" means Republican administration. "Reconciliation" means Democratic supremacy.

Mr. Sumner's theory of the regimental color is substantially this—that the Presidency of General Grant, who was the victor in the war, and for whom the late rebels will not vote, is held by them to be a permanent and mortifying monument of their defeat, and it is desirable that there should be an Administration for which they had voted in order that they may feel reconciled. In one word, "the South"—by which we mean an idea, and not a section—having made war because it could not dictate the President, will now consent to make peace if it is allowed to dictate him. There was no epithet of scorn and contempt hurled at loyal citizens in 1861 as huckstering and peddling Yankees which would not be justified could they consent to buy "reconciliation" upon such terms. And we can not imagine a more offensive insult to every honorable man in the Southern States.

Indeed, the whole campaign of "reconciliation" is as monstrous a deception as that of "reform." Not a single measure has been suggested, no policy whatever has been foreshadowed, for the purpose of producing what is called "reconciliation;" there is no argument but the character of the Democratic party, except the insinuation of Mr. Doolittle in the Baltimore Convention, and the plain demand of the Richmond *Enquirer*, that the new citizens must be deprived of the suffrage. Meanwhile the candidate of the "reconciliation" party is the one man in the country who has most strenuously advocated every measure of the "policy of hate." Indeed, the character of the Democratic campaign has been very thoroughly exposed, nor has all the "Liberal" Republican calumny of General Grant and eminent Republicans availed to conceal it. It would be a sad augury for the future if the people of the country could be deceived by so plain an imposture.

THE STORY OF CINCINNATI.

The speech of Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jun., at Quincy, is interesting and valuable as the view of an original and sincere "Cincinnati man." Indeed, Mr. Adams says that he drew the original resolution which finally, although under another form, assembled the Cincinnati Convention in May. The story is very simple and very instructive. A certain number of gentlemen, some of them editors of conspicuous journals, among which were the New York *Evening Post* and *Nation*, the Springfield ***Republican***, the Chicago *Tribune*, the Cincinnati *Commercial*, and the St. Louis *Democrat*, were of opinion that the Republican administration had fallen under the absolute control of dishonest politicians, and that the administration of General Grant was of "a low tone." They considered the issues of the last fifteen years finally settled, and thought that decentralization, civil service reform, and free trade were now really the paramount questions. They further believed that large numbers of Republicans and Democrats were of the same opinion, and that they would gladly withdraw from their party organizations and form a new party. This was the conviction of Mr. Schurz a year ago, and he declared at Nashville that the time had now come to form such a party.

We think that we understood this view at that time as we do now. It was held by some honest and patriotic men with whom many of the best Republicans had been in the habit of the closest sympathy. But the leaders of the movement all seem to us habitually to disregard the force of feeling, or of what we may call the power of imagination, on politics, which is never so active and influential as after such a civil convulsion as we have seen. To deride this element, or to disregard it, is to make a fatal mistake. Politics is an art quite as much as a science, and he who would truly serve the state must not forget it. The failure to perceive this led to another blunder. This was a huge miscalculation of the extent, the force, and the character of Republican dissatisfaction. The Republican party is largely composed of those who do not hesitate to grumble and criticise their own party action, but who know the necessity of party administration under our system, and therefore consider the practical question to be generally a simple alternative, as it is now. And once more, all these gentlemen made the further immense mistake of supposing that on the eve of a Presidential election, when there were two great, historic, fully organized parties, they could be destroyed by the improvisation of a third party.

Nevertheless, holding the views that we have described, the gentlemen called the Cincinnati Convention. That they were, however, afraid to trust the logic of their position was evident from the fact that they excluded Democrats. The movement thus became an attempt to supersede the regular organization of the Republican party. It was said that they meant only to warn the Philadelphia Convention. But evidently if Cincinnati had been able to dictate the Philadelphia action, it would have shown that it was the master of the party. Mr. Adams sympathized with the Convention, but did not personally attend it, because his father had been prominently named as a candidate. His sincere associates were all there; and Mr. Bird, of Massachusetts, was there, a bitter foe of the elder Mr. Adams. The speech of Mr. Schurz, the platform, the hope of the better men in the Convention, all pointed to the nomination of Mr. Adams. But Mr. Bird and four or five of his associates voted steadily against him, so that his own State was not unanimous for him. This fact was the hope of the bummers and buccaneers who had come to capture the Convention; and at the proper moment, under the arrangement of Gratz Brown and General Blair, they raised their yell, and shouted so steadily and vociferously that the Southern States, supposing the tide had turned, and anxious only for success, hastily "tumbled in" one after another, and thus Horace Greeley was nominated as the candidate of "reform," and the rump of the Tammany Ring was the first to salute him.

The nomination of Mr. Greeley was the proof that the sincere effort of the Convention had failed. It has been asked what mattered who was the candidate, since the platform was prepared, and those interested were present? The answer is evident. The character of the candidate was the evidence of the sincerity of the movement. The nomination of Mr. Adams would have shown that the Convention was controlled by its honest authors. The nomination of Mr. Greeley showed that it had been captured. The honest members were opposed to centralization, protection, and the spoils system. Mr. Greeley is the apostle of protection, the advocate of what is called "centralization," and a sturdy operator under the spoils system. To nominate him was to proclaim the failure of the movement which had produced the Convention, and the instant it adjourned every body knew that the sole chance of the success of its action depended upon the support of the Democratic party. This, again, revealed the scope and tendency of the action which had captured the Convention. For would any body pretend—even of those original Cincinnati men who still advocate Mr. Greeley's election—that the Democratic party is a party of reform? When that party, in its regular Convention, adopted Cincinnati, the issue became what it has remained—a choice between the old Democratic organization and the Republican party. And inevitably the Cincinnati men who still cling to the imposture are obliged to say that the Democratic party is converted, at which assertion the Democrats roar with derision.

Mr. Adams did not believe the Democratic party to be one of reform, or he would have supported it, and would not have favored the Cincinnati movement. He evidently does not think that it has become such a party by nominating Mr. Greeley. To him and the sincere Cincinnati men the platform was important only as the manifesto of those who were behind it. The nomination of Mr. Greeley showed that gentlemen like Senator Fenton, General John Cochrane, Colonel Alexander M'Clure, and other well-known politicians, were behind it, and Mr. Adams fixed his eyes upon the men rather than upon the platform. Nor did he see any promise of reform of the civil service, of decentralization, or of free trade in their political career and character.

Accepting the issue which is really offered, and regretting the loss of that which he had hoped to be instrumental in offering, Mr. Adams has no hesitation in deciding that the country would not gain by the exchange of Republican for Democratic administration; and he therefore proposes to vote for General Grant. It is upon these grounds also that the *Evening Post* and the *Nation* support the re-election of the President. They did not go to Cincinnati resolved to accept any thing that Cincinnati might present, but in order that Cincinnati might present what they believed would promote the higher welfare of the country. They wanted, like Mr. Adams, something which they thought better than General Grant, and they were offered something which they consider a great deal worse, and they very consistently and decidedly refuse to take it. And this to-day, toward the end of the canvass, is the position of almost every one of the sincere authors of the Cincinnati movement.

MR. DAWES AND THE ADMINISTRATION.

The speech of the Hon. Henry L. Dawes at Springfield, Massachusetts, the chief city in his Congressional district, was one of very great interest and value. The Springfield *Republican*, an unhappy advocate of Mr. Greeley, yet friendly to Mr. Dawes, had charged that Mr. Dawes was insincere in his support of the Administration, and that the tone of his speeches was very different now from that of a year or two ago, or even of a later date. The *Republican* had also reproduced the wretched Credit-Mobilier aspersion upon Mr. Dawes—a publication which was the more extraordinary because the paper continues to be friendly to him, which would be impossible did it really believe of him what it was willing to do him the immense injustice of repeating. Indeed, there was a time when the Springfield *Republican* would have been the first to protest indignantly against such a calumny upon its Representative in Congress and the leader of the House.

The position of Mr. Dawes is peculiarly that of an honorable Republican. His sincerity has been questioned for the reason that we have mentioned, and he deals with the subject frankly in his speech. On the 18th of January, 1870, he said in Congress that the estimates, not the expenditures, of the Departments were increased, and he strongly protested. It was plainly his duty to do so, and it was a signal service to his party to restrain any such tendency in its Administration, and so prevent the cry of extravagance and corruption. It was a real service. The expenses were curtailed, and Mr. Dawes took to New Hampshire this message from the President: "Tell the people of New Hampshire that whenever it can be shown that the public expenditures can be reduced one dollar, that reduction shall be made." And the President has faithfully kept his word. Take the expenditures of the last year, deducting all that arose from the war, and reduce them to the gold standard. Then do the same with those of 1860, the last of a purely Democratic Administration, and it appears that the expenses of 1860 will be, for every man, woman, and child, $1 95, while those for 1871 will be only $1 81. And Mr. Dawes adds, "Do the same thing with every year since 1800, and you will find those of 1871 the lowest since 1810." Is he, then, insincere, because in 1870 he said to the Administration, "Your estimates are extravagant," and in 1872 says that "it has been faithful in collecting the revenues and frugal in expending them?" Certainly, if any man has a right to defend and sustain the Administration, it is Mr. Dawes: and if any Administration deserves support, it is that which justifies such friendly interest and avails itself of such friendly advice.

The explanation which Mr. Dawes gives of the Chorpenning claim is not less satisfactory. This is one of the offenses most eagerly urged against the Administration. The Postmaster-General, it was alleged, had allowed an openly fraudulent claim! Such is "Grantism," was the swift conclusion of Greeley purists and Democratic reformers. Mr. Dawes tells us the facts. Chorpenning, an old Pennsylvanian, neighbor and political friend of Jeremiah Black, had a California mail contract twenty years ago, for which he was to receive exactly $106,000. He was paid that sum, and fifteen years ago, in 1857, Black was consulted about getting extra allowance, and a bill passed Congress authorizing it to be paid. The last three lines of the bill were the vital part. They required the Postmaster-General to settle the extra claim "according to the affidavits and proofs on file in the House of Representatives." Chorpenning's attorney had left on file there just what was needed, leaving in the Department the papers that showed the claim to be groundless. The Postmaster-General was bound by the words of the law, and under a bill prepared by a Democratic counsel, passed by a Democratic Congress, and approved by a Democratic President, a Democratic Postmaster-General made an extra allowance of $109,000.

Black said that it should have been more, and he and the other counsel tried to persuade every one of the Postmaster-General's successors to reopen the case. At last they came to Congress, which was now Republican, and on the last day of the session, when all was confusion, put the bill in the hands of the Republican member from Chorpenning's district, telling him that it was "a few thousand dollars' unsettled account due," and the bill passed. Then Black and his confederates pressed upon Mr. Creswell the old construction of the meaning of the words in the act of 1857, which they had inserted in the new bill, and Mr. Creswell, believing it to be the true construction, made an extra allowance of $443,000 more. The warrant lay upon the auditor's table, when Mr. Dawes, hearing of it, introduced a resolution stopping payment until investigation could be made. Then, upon a statement of the facts, a Republican Congress unanimously repealed the law, and saved the money. And whatever be the true construction of the law, there is not, in Mr. Dawes's opinion, the least stain upon the integrity of the Postmaster-General. Is that a story of which any Republican need be peculiarly ashamed? Or does it very strongly emphasize the hope of "reform" from Jeremiah Black and the Democratic party?

In commenting upon the speech of Mr. Dawes the Springfield *Republican* chides him for narrow partisanship for not seeing the vices of the Republican party and its gross extravagance, for "disregarding the instincts of national brotherhood" in not thinking that Fernando Wood, Jeremiah Black, and the Democratic party represent a truly wise, humane, and American policy, and in general for refusing to embrace the present opportunity "for redeeming the government from the rule of a coarse materialism and a careless selfishness." Does the Springfield *Republican* really believe that such a redemption is to be wrought by a coalition of the fanatics of the lost cause, the Tammany Ring, the Fenton Republicans, the Copperheads of the war, the "lewd and ruffianly" classes which Mr. Greeley says naturally attach themselves to the Democratic party, with a few gentlemen who, baffled at Cincinnati, consider themselves bound in honor to support a candidacy which they despise? Is this a coalition to redeem us from "coarse materialism and careless selfishness?"

SPEAKER BLAINE.

In his speech to the Germans at the Cooper Institute—and our readers will remember that there are a great many more Democratic Germans in New York than would fill the Cooper Union, so that the crowd does not show "the conversion" of the Republican Germans—Senator Schurz said that "he had seen many election campaigns, but never had he seen or heard of one in which such vile and illegitimate means of warfare had been used." He means, of course, by the Republicans. But we doubt if there were ever journals claiming to be respectable which have assailed personal character so wantonly as the Greeley press in support of its candidate for the Presidency. The manner in which it has insisted that Mr. Colfax, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Boutwell, Mr. Blaine, Mr. Garfield, Mr. Dawes, Mr. Kelley, and other most conspicuous public men, were swindlers and rogues and liars, reiterating the charge, and prevaricating when those gentlemen plainly and fully denied the accusation, which no honest man in the country ever believed, least of all the prominent papers which daily printed it, is without a parallel, except in Mr. Trumbull's assertion that General Grant's friends confessed that a quarter of the revenue was lost every year through the corruption of his Administration—a statement which he did not himself believe, nor profess to believe, but which he did not hesitate to try to make his hearers believe.

One of the most flagrant offenses of this kind was the assertion of the New York *Tribune* that Mr. Blaine, as a member of Congress, "is *proved* to have received allotments of 32,500 shares of stock [in the Union Pacific Railway] subject to assessment and valued at $1,625,000, 5900 shares not subject to assessment, valued at $295,000, and 2000 shares more allotted, but not assessed." Here is a specific, detailed accusation. The *Tribune* charges that Mr. Blaine, a member of Congress, received this enormous bribe as a consideration for his vote and his influence in the passage of an act in 1862. If the charge be true, the United States are dishonored that such a rascal is the Speaker of the House of Representatives. If the charge be untrue, the New York *Tribune* is the most dishonored paper in the country; and Mr. Schurz may well say that he has never seen such vile and illegitimate methods of warfare as have characterized this campaign.

As soon as Speaker Blaine heard the charge he denied it in the fullest, most forcible, and most unequivocal manner. He stated that in 1862, when the act to support which he was said to have been bribed passed Congress, he was not a member of Congress, but was in the Maine Legislature. But, as he truly said, had he stopped there the *Tribune* would assert that he had not denied the charge. He therefore proceeded: "Neither in 1862 nor in any subsequent year did I ever receive or own, directly or indirectly, a single dollar of stock in the eastern division of the Pacific Railroad Company, or any other division of the Pacific Railroad Company. Nor did I ever receive a dollar, directly or indirectly, from the sale of any stock of that company. In short, gentlemen, I stamp the whole story as not only false on its face, but absurd and ridiculous."

Mr. Blaine also alluded to the card published by him on the eve of the Maine election, when he was accused of having been bribed by the Credit Mobilier. As we said at the time, his card was evidently meant to say that the story was utterly untrue. "Any candid man, I think," he said at Cleveland, "could see that my card was intended to be exhaustive, and to exclude all suppositions of ownership. Let me say now, however, that not only did I never own a share in the Credit Mobilier, but I never received, directly or indirectly, a single penny therefrom in any shape or manner whatever."

Here is the word of Mr. Blaine, with his character, his career, and the future pride of his children in his honorable name, all at stake, opposed to the anonymous assertion of a newspaper which has conspicuously and constantly disregarded the truth in its prosecution of this campaign. Mr. Schurz complains that the Republican press has recklessly attacked him. We challenge him to show any where a more wanton blow at the personal character of any public man than this of the *Tribune* at that of Speaker Blaine. This is the way in which the Senator's associates seek to "purify politics" and to promote "reform." And in the midst of such conduct among his own supporters he denounces the "vile and illegitimate means" of his opponents. We do not believe that there is one intelligent man in the country, Republican or Democrat, who believes that Mr. Blaine was ever bribed, directly or indirectly, or that any one of the gentlemen named in the Credit-Mobilier scandal is not just as honorable and honest as his supporters believe Mr. Greeley to be.

THE GEORGIA ELECTION.

Evidences multiply that the large Democratic majority in Georgia by which Mr. James M. Smith was re-elected Governor was obtained by fraud, outrage, and violence. Telegrams, letters, and special messengers from all parts of the State show that where the negroes were not driven from the polls, other means were taken to reduce the Republican vote.

In Macon the colored men were driven away from the polls by pistol-shots and brickbats, two of their number being murdered outright, and others severely wounded. In Dougherty County more than a thousand Republican votes were polled, and but three hundred returned by the Democratic managers. In Liberty County the vote of two strong Republican precincts was thrown out upon a trivial pretext by the Democratic managers, disfranchising 600 Republican voters. Burke County, with an actual Republican majority of 1500, has been Ku-Kluxed into showing a Democratic majority of 800.

The Democratic Legislature had changed the time of holding the election from November to October, and required the production of a receipt for the poll-tax of 1871 as a condition precedent to voting. This was done because it was known that the negroes would be very likely to have lost the tax receipt of the previous year, and could only obtain a duplicate of it from Democratic officials. To carry out more effectively their scheme of disfranchisement, the polling places were made few in number—in Savannah, for example, only four were provided for a vote of 8000, and these all in the same building. The polls were surrounded by armed Democrats, and the roads were patrolled by Democratic "sabre clubs" to overawe the negroes. The voters were required by the election officers not only to produce the receipts required by law, but to swear that they had paid a poll-tax every year since emancipation. In some cases the day before election the bondsmen of the tax-collector surrendered their bonds, leaving no one qualified to give the necessary receipts. In view of these outrages, we are not surprised to learn that, as the New York *Tribune* mildly puts it, many of the negroes "concluded to wait for November before voting at all!" How they were driven to this conclusion is abundantly shown by the foregoing facts; while the spirit of the Democratic party in the South and their "Liberal" allies in the North is strikingly illustrated in Mr. Nast's powerful cartoon on page 804.

PERSONAL.

Immediately after the recent election in Georgia Mr. James M. Smith, the re-elected Democratic Governor of that State, made an inflammatory speech, in which he said: "I will use any thing for the purpose of beating Grant. If the devil himself, coming up from the infernal regions, smelling of brimstone, was a candidate for President under the present circumstances, I would take him rather than take Grant." This is strong language; but the Democratic outrages upon negro voters at the polls show that he and the party for which he speaks mean to live up to these words. "Any thing to beat Grant!"

—The Brooklyn *Eagle* of the 3d inst. says: "There will be three eclipses in November this year, as follows: a very small eclipse on the night of the 14th, visible; an annual eclipse of the sun on the 20th, invisible in North America; and the total and permanent eclipse of the Democratic party on the 5th, visible to all men."

—Launt Thompson's Soldiers' Monument was dedicated at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, on the 24th ult., amidst much gunpowdery rejoicing, considerable Gilmore band, and some good oration by Mr. Curtis. And then there was feasting and fun, toasts, speeches, and a general hilarification by some 2000 Pitts and other fieldians, many of the old natives of the place returning to verify the old doggerel:

"You scarce can go
Through this world below
But you'll find the Berkshire men;
And when you remove
To the world above
You'll find them there again."

—The London *Court Journal* says: "We are in a position to affirm that Mrs. Meriman, the widow to whom Father Hyacinthe is united, possesses a fortune of seventy-five thousand dollars."

—General M. T. M'Mahon, just appointed to the responsible position of Receiver of Taxes of this city, was from 1868 to 1869 United States minister to one of the South American states. During the war he had an important command in the Army of the Potomac, and was in every action in which his corps was engaged—Yorktown, Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, Gaines's Mills, Savage Station, Malvern Hill, second Bull Run, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Mine Run, the Wilderness, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, and many smaller actions. He was never off duty with the Army of the Potomac. Besides this prime military record, General M'Mahon has a fine position at the bar and as a gentleman.

—William H. De Witt, who recently deceased in Albany, leaving an estate of $250,000, directed that $20,000 be given to the Church of the Holy Innocents, $700 of the interest to be applied annually to the support of the rector; $200 annually to the maintenance of the choir; $250 annually to the support of the Sunday-school; and the balance, $250, for necessary repairs to the church. To the Albany Hospital, $10,000; to the diocese of Albany, $5000, to be devoted to the promotion of the interests of the Domestic Missions; and $5000 to be devoted to the Bible and Common Prayer-book Society. At the rate at which several of our prominent benevolent institutions have received bequests during the last fifty years, the leading charitable associations connected with the Episcopal, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, and Catholic churches will a hundred years hence be more amply endowed than those of any other country in the world. The great "entail" of this country is to be charity.

—The excellent Mr. Twain, having been recently entertained at dinner by the Whitefriars Club, London, made a speech to the friars, in which he extolled, with characteristic humor, the great Livingstone, whom he claims to have found during a little private journey to the interior of that superior country. "Just as I found him," says Twain, "he had been deserted by his niggers and geographers, and all of his kind except the gorillas; dejected, miserable, famishing—absolutely famishing—but he was eloquent. Just as I found him he had eaten his last elephant, and he said to me, 'God knows where I shall get another.' He had nothing to wear except his venerable and honorable naval suit, and nothing to eat but his diary. But I said to him, 'It is all right, I have discovered you, and Stanley will be here by the four o'clock train, and will discover you officially, and then we will turn to and have a reg'lar good time.' I said, 'Cheer up, for Stanley has got corn, ammunition, glass beads, hymn-books, whisky, and every thing which the human heart can desire; he has got all kinds of valuables, including telegraph poles, and a few cart-loads of money. By this time communication has been made with the land of Bibles and civilization, and property will advance.'"

—It took Noah Webster nearly a quarter of a century to complete his dictionary, during which period he supported himself and family on the copyright of his spelling-book.

—Sir Frank Scudamore states that the British government's telegraphic business this year will net to the government $1,750,000.

—The monarchs of Europe are fond of horses to the following extent: Queen Victoria, $50,000; Kaiser William, $65,000; Francis Joseph, $140,000; Emperor Alexander, $63,000; King Leopold, $90,000; and the Sultan, $500,000. With the exception of the latter, we have numerous gentlemen in the city who are more expensive in the matter of horse. Robert Bonner, Commodore Vanderbilt, Henry N. Smith, and August Belmont own each over $100,000 of good, merchantable horseflesh.

—Millard Fillmore and Andrew Johnson, both elected Vice-Presidents, are the only ex-Presidents now living.

—M. Thiers has been expressing his opinion of Kaiser William and Victor Emanuel. "The former," he says, "has a great quality, very rare in a sovereign. When he has hit upon a man whose talents and abilities may be of use to him, he is constantly faithful to him, and he sticks to him at the cost of what is to an emperor the greatest sacrifice—the sacrifice of his *amour propre*. With a stoic calm, and a patience proof against all trial, he puts up with the ill humor, the bitter words, and even the rebuffs of his Prime Minister. The constraint is painful to him, but he knows that this Prime Minister is not to be dispensed with, and he submits; he overlooks all his adviser's sallies of temper, all the faults of his character, and only remembers the services the minister has rendered, or looks forward to those he may render. As to the King of Italy—there is a man! No man," M. Thiers continues, "has as yet set him down at his just value. He has been painted as a kind of rough garrison officer, a chamois-stalker, a pursuer of tamer game, something like a crowned Roger Bontemps. Take care! This Roger Bontemps is the most adroit, the ablest, and the most political prince in Europe. As long as M. Cavour lived he bore all the honors of the Italian policy; yet it is more than probable that the king was a very active and intelligent fellow-workman of M. Cavour, only he kept his counsel and never bragged about it. He allowed his minister all the honor, and took for himself all the profit." M. Thiers avows that he has been disappointed about the Italians. He never thought them so wise, so well-prepared for the enjoyment of practical freedom, and has been greatly surprised to see, after so many convulsions in Italy, the rise of a conservative party sufficiently strong to maintain the balance between conflicting passions and interests.

—Rosa Bonheur's last painting is a tiger fighting a hyena, and is said to be her masterpiece.

—Mr. Dion Boucicault, now performing in this city, is said to have received more income from the copyright of his plays than any author, ancient or modern. The "Colleen Bawn" has paid him over $150,000; "Arrah-na-Pogue" over $100,000; "Formosa" and the "Flying Scud" over $100,000. Directly and indirectly he has made over $2,000,000 from his plays, which, he candidly admits, is about all they are worth. They have been performed at twenty-six different theatres simultaneously, and several of them have had a "run" of over 300 consecutive nights each. There have been over 20,000 performances of his plays in the different theatres of the world. Mr. Boucicault is of the opinion that Joseph Jefferson, Lester Wallack, and William Warren, of Boston, are the three best actors living that speak the English language.

—Saxe, the poet, told his fellow-Democratic-Liberal-Republicans some funny, as well as some rather unwelcome, things at a political meeting in Albany a few evenings since. After remarking that the name of the coalition was a good one, he said he could, and did, prove it from Scripture—viz.: "The *Liberal* soul shall be made *fat*." Mr. Saxe thought that up to the present time he might say of the campaign what Johnson once said of a book—it has proved "a continued renovation of hope and an unvaried succession of disappointment." He also observed that the political predictions of the *World* newspaper were suggested by the title of Dr. Holland's forth-coming volume, "The Marble Prophecy."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The second trial of Mrs. Laura D. Fair for murder ended, September 30, in a verdict of acquittal. The jury were out nearly sixty hours.

The stamp duty upon all documents except bank checks, drafts, or orders expired September 30 in accordance with the recent act of Congress. No stamps are now required on any legal documents whatever, no paper being subject to stamp duty except bank checks, drafts, or orders.

The Secretary of the Treasury has ordered the calling in of the three per cent. bonds numbered as follows: Those of $5000 each, numbered from 4318 to 4591, and those of $10,000 each, numbered from 4720 to 4775, the interest on which will cease November 30, 1872.

Two of our most distinguished citizens have died since our last news record was printed—the Rev. Francis Vinton, D.D., of Trinity Church, and Francis Lieber, LL.D., a professor in the Columbia Law School. The former died September 29, and the latter October 2.

The Georgia election of October 2 resulted in a Democratic majority of about 40,000 votes.

A serious riot took place at Macon on the 2d inst., during the progress of the Georgia election. The whites sought to drive the blacks from the polls, and a fight ensuing, two negroes and one white man were killed, and several negroes wounded.

An accident occurred on the East Tennessee, Virginia, and Georgia Railway, on the 3d inst., in which a train of passenger cars fell through a trestle, killing one passenger and injuring twenty-seven others.

A motion was made in the Court of General Sessions, October 4, to transfer the cases of the Ring criminals—Hall, Sweeny, Tweed, and others—to the Oyer and Terminer, but Recorder Hackett ruled against it.

FOREIGN NEWS.

For the first time since the occupation of Rome by the Italian government, the Pope condescended, September 30, to go beyond the precincts of the Vatican. He went to the Porta della Zecca, and walked about the gardens.

Victor Hugo has been nominated by the republicans of Algiers for member of the French Assembly.

The London *Times* confirms the report that Lord Hatherley had resigned the Lord Chancellorship of England.

The ship *Nazarene* was wrecked off Formby, Lancaster County, England, in a recent gale, and all on board were lost.

Advices from China report that the rice crop this season is abundant.

The postal treaty between the United States and the German empire for the exchange of postal orders went into operation on the 1st inst. The value of the German thaler has been fixed at seventy-one cents, gold.

The celebrated Spanish monastery of the Escurial was struck by lightning on the evening of the 2d inst., and before the flames could be extinguished two of the towers and a portion of the roofing were destroyed. Fortunately all the treasures in the building were saved. The total loss is estimated at 3,000,000 reals.

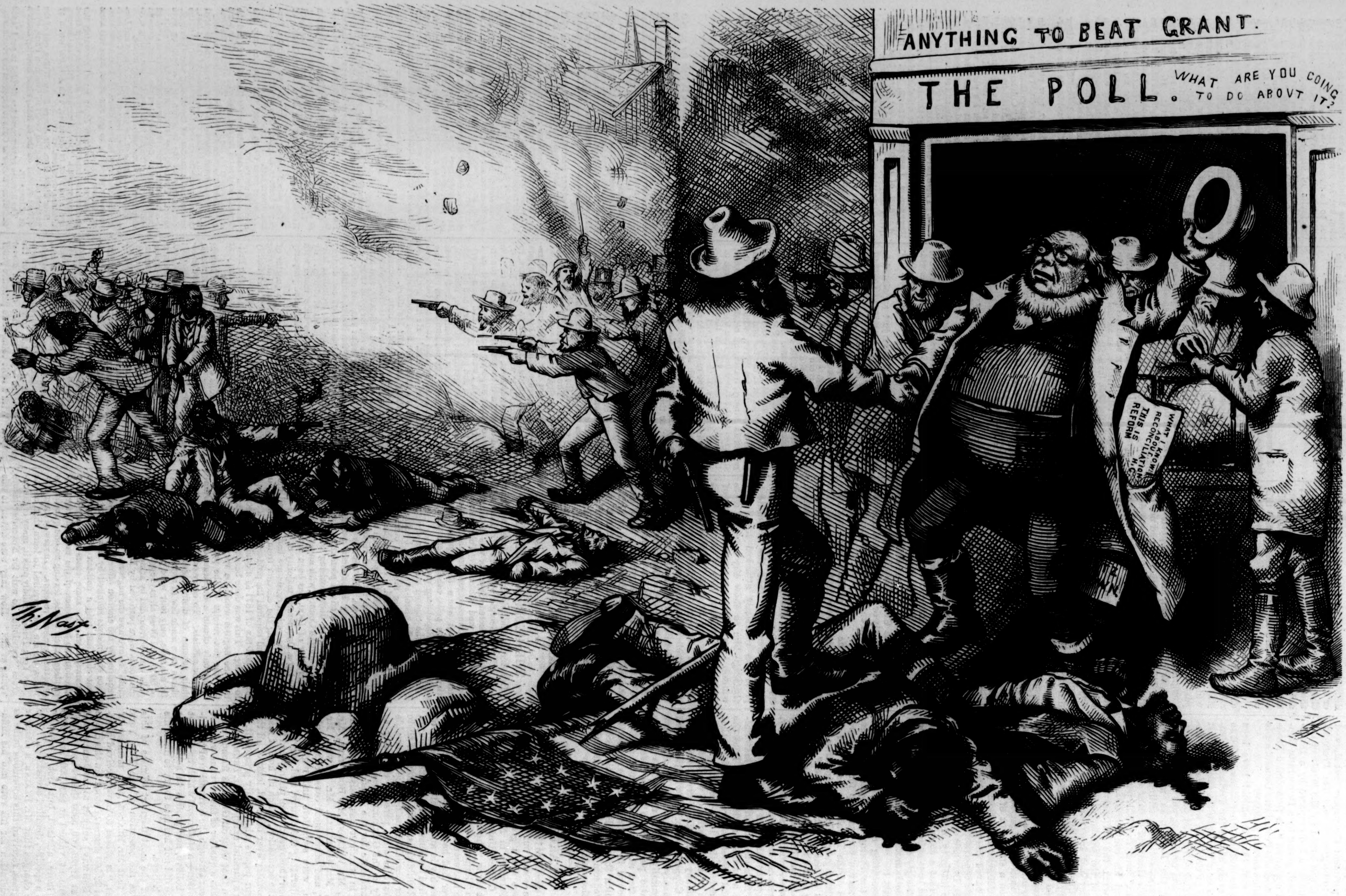
A passenger train, running at a furious rate of speed from London to Edinburgh, on the 2d inst., came in collision with a freight train near Carlisle, killing eleven persons, and seriously injuring many others.

The inhabitants of the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine refuse to become German citizens, and are leaving the country in large numbers. At least 88,000 Alsacians are preparing to go, and 18,000 have left Metz within two weeks.

Steamer advices from Japan report accurately the particulars of the burning of the *America*, which took place August 24. Three Americans, fifty-nine Chinese, and a number of Japanese, with $300,000 worth of treasure, were lost.

The Right Hon. Sir James Shaw Willes, one of the justices of the English Court of Common Pleas, committed suicide on the 3d inst., while laboring under a fit of insanity.

The Spanish government has decided to send 14,000 additional troops to Cuba to suppress the revolution.


ANYTHING TO BEAT GRANT.
THE POLL.
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?
WHAT I KNOW ABOUT RECONCILIATION H. G.
THIS IS REFORM
Th. Nast.

H. G. "LET US CLASP HANDS OVER THE BLOODY CHASM."—[See Page 803.]

"A Great Victory has been won in Georgia..... The verdict in Georgia is certainly conclusive."—*New York Tribune*, October 3, 1872.

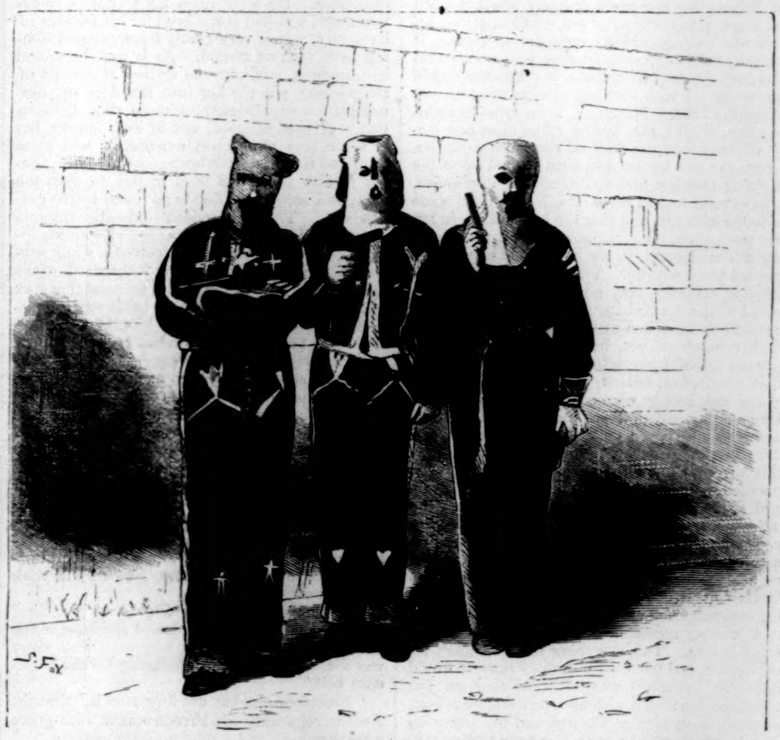
THE KU-KLUX CONSPIRACY.*

By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

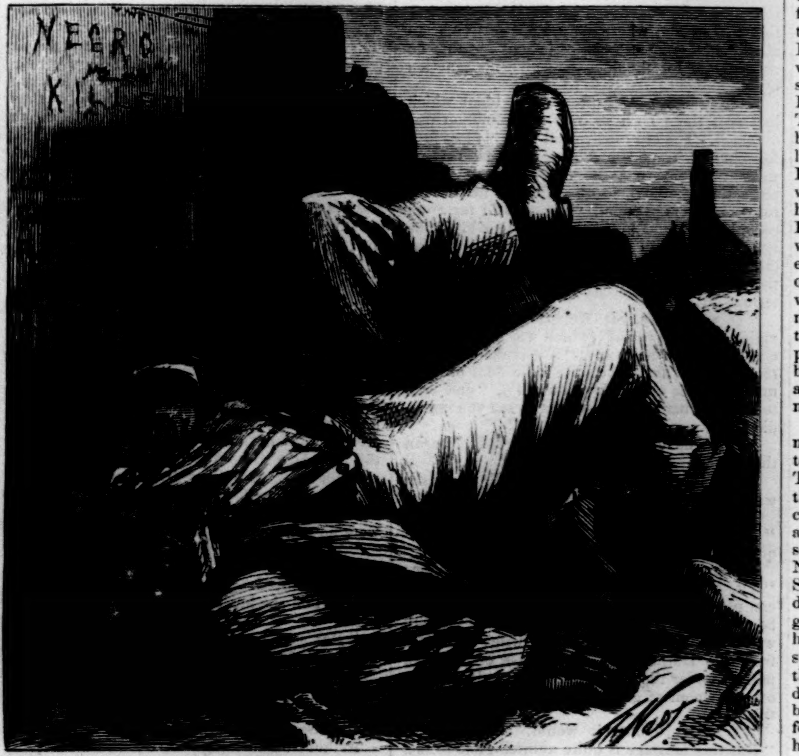
An English traveler who has recently visited the Southern States describes with enthusiasm their boundless resources and attractive clime. Almost endless acres of productive soil remain yet to be brought under cultivation; an immense population might be sustained on the fertile fields reaching from the Ohio to the Gulf of Mexico. Forests and woodlands, mines and mineral wealth, the varied products of the hot or the temperate zone, corn and cotton, tropical fruits—a rich and never-failing harvest of all the rarest gifts of nature—allure immigration and invite the hand of industry. Laborers, indeed, Mr. Somers assures us, already abound: the colored population is rapidly learning to work well, and to save the results of their toil; the white farmers may yet throw off their languor and improvidence; and the day is not perhaps far distant when Georgia or Alabama shall be as thickly settled and as prosperous as Ohio or Massachusetts. Coal-fields, we are told, and never-failing streams provide all the requirements of manufactures; the wealth of the mountains has never yet been explored, the untouched forests of pine, the unopened quarries, and the undiscovered ores lie ready for the mechanic and the engineer; and nothing but a liberal and stable government is wanting to complete the prosperity of this fortunate land. But this the Southern States have never known. Under the rule of the slave-holders all their wealth was neglected, or was gradually thrown away. The mechanic, the manufacturer, and the white artisan avoided a land where labor was despised; the richest plantation, under the improvident culture of slavery, soon lost its productiveness; the barbarous ignorance of the workman and the tyranny of the master, the intellectual decay that followed the vicious system of government, left the resources of nature unexplored, and covered with an unnatural blight the land that might have teemed with unprecedented wealth. Since the rebellion some improvement is visible. The small farms are increasing; the colored people labor with new zeal; even the white population is more industrious, less improvident, and less wasteful. Yet still the South wants a settled government; lawlessness and disorder drive off the settler, and diminish the value of its soil; its farms can be purchased for prices that seem insignificant and incredible to the inhabitants of the more quiet States; its people still linger in self-chosen ignorance; capital and commerce avoid its dangerous borders; and the merchant or the mechanic approaches almost as timidly the home of the Ku-Klux as if it were the chosen retreat of brigands and the hunting-ground of savages.

The Congressional reports on the Ku-Klux conspiracy show the real causes of the decline in the value of every kind of property in the Southern States, and the dangers that threaten the future of their industry and trade. The Democratic party has fallen under the control of a murderous faction: its more intelligent and prudent members have not sufficient courage to free themselves from the tyranny of robbers and assassins; the colored population and the white Republicans, the industrious and the honest, in many parts of the South are disfranchised by intimidation and open violence; the governments of several States are plain usurpations; a minority of lawless men rule over the powerless majority, and once more threaten rebellion, defy the national government, and bring ruin upon their fellow-citizens. The Ku-Klux conspiracy has extended its mysterious links through every Southern State: it has usually flourished before and after every election with a sudden vigor, and has then sunk into obscurity until the hour for new efforts arrived; its measures are always the same, whether in Texas or Missouri; its members ride around at night in strange disguises; their victims are white and colored Republicans, their wives and children, honest working-men, teachers, and active Baptist or Methodist ministers; sometimes United States officials or State judges and Senators have fallen before their rifles; sometimes the clergyman has been shot in his pulpit or the lawyer in his court-house; but oftener they are content to rob and burn the negro cabin, to seam the backs of its unlucky tenants with pitiless lashes, or leave the husband and the father bleeding and dying in the midst of his horror-stricken family. The pitiless cruelty of these Southern Democrats—for the chief object of the Ku-Klux assassins is always to insure the election of the Democratic officials—surpasses the barbarity of the savage.

Charlotte Fowler, an aged colored woman, thus relates the story of the murder of her husband, whose head was white as snow. "Tell how he was killed," said one of the Congressional Committee to her. We give the narrative in her own touching words. "The night he was killed—I was taken sick on Wednesday morning, and I laid on my bed Wednesday and Thursday. I didn't eat a mouthful; I couldn't do it, I was so sick. So he went out working on his farm. We still had a little grandchild living with me—my daughter's child. He had two little children living with him on the farm, but that little child staid with me. He kept coming backward and forward to the house to see how I got, and what he could do for me. I never ate nothing until Thursday night. When he came home he cooked something for me to eat, and said, 'Old woman, if you don't eat something you will die.' Says I, 'I can't eat.' Says he, 'Then I will eat, and feed the little baby.' That is the grandchild, he meant. I says, 'You take that little child, and sleep in the bed. I think I have got the fever, and I don't want you to get it.' He said, 'No, I don't want to get the fever, for I have too much to do.' He got up, and pulled off his clothes and got in bed. He came and called the grandchild, Tody—she is Sophia—and he says, 'Tody, when you are ready, come to bed; come, and grandmother will open your frock, and you can go to bed.' So he lay there for about half an hour, and then I heard the dogs. I was only by myself now, for the children were all abed. Then I got up, and went into the room to my bed. I reckon I had not laid in bed half an hour before I heard somebody by the door; it was not one person, but two—ram! ram! ram! at the door. Immediately I was going to call him to open the door; but he heard it as quick as lightening, and he said to them, 'Gentlemen, do not break the door down; I will open the door;' and just as he said that they said, '—— you, I have got you now.' I was awake, and I started and got out of the bed, and fell down on the floor. I was very much scared. The little child followed its grandfather to the door. You know, in the night it is hard to direct a child. When he said, '—— you, I have got you now!' and he said, 'Don't you run!' And just then I heard the report of a pistol, and they shot him down; and this little child ran back to me before I could get out, and says, 'Oh, grandma, they have killed my poor grandpappy!' He was such an old gentleman, I thought they just shot over him to scare him; but, sure enough, as quick as I got to the door I raised my right hand and said, 'Gentlemen, you have killed a poor innocent man!' my poor old man! Says he, 'Shut up!' I never saw but two of them, for by that time the others had vanished."



MISSISSIPPI KU-KLUX IN THE DISGUISES IN WHICH THEY WERE CAPTURED.
[From a Photograph.]



"ONE VOTE LESS."—*Richmond Whig.*

The murderer was masked. The victim had been a firm Republican, but had never been an active one. The aged wife screamed and called in vain for help; in the dim moonshine she saw the body of her husband lie bleeding before the cottage door, and his assassins ride swiftly away: nor in the long line of the touching tragedies of all ages will there be found one more full than this of saddening contrasts between the innocence of the victims and the dreadful guilt of the destroyers, between the love and tender impulses that reigned in the negro cabin and the horrible passions that raged in the breasts of the white Carolinians. In several of the counties of South Carolina the Ku-Klux ruled for a long period unchecked; hundreds of persons suffered from their unparalleled malignity; the sick, the aged, and the feeble were torn from their beds at night, whipped, tortured, or shot; women were often the express objects of their cruelty. Scarcely a year ago, disguised with masks, horns upon their heads, long dresses, and fantastic ornaments, these representatives of the fallen chivalry dashed along the roads of South Carolina in the depth of night, committed their atrocities upon the harmless and the innocent, and tormented the helpless and the weak. They openly declared to their bleeding victims that they must promise to vote for the Democratic party, or they would return and kill them. Many, after severe whippings, yielded to their dreadful argument. The newspapers were filled with the recantations of white and black Republicans, who had been converted to Democratic principles by stripes and wounds. One aged victim, beaten and bruised, crawled to the court-house steps, and there pronounced in faltering words his abjuration of Republican heresy. And if for a moment the murderous association seems suppressed in South Carolina, there can be no doubt that it would at once renew its outrages should the national government fall into the hands of its friends.

In Alabama the rage of the Democratic politicians seems chiefly turned against school-teachers, Methodist and Baptist preachers, and white Republicans who strive to elevate the colored race. The Ku-Klux labors have proved successful: a Democratic Governor has been elected (Lindsay), who denies the existence of any Ku-Klux conspiracy, and will see nothing of the brutal system of intimidation by which he has won an office; the State is ominously quiet. Governor Lindsay boasts of his power over the colored voters; the Democratic politicians assert that they are fast winning the negroes to their side—by what means who can fail to see? and that it can not be by any known train of argument is shown from the open assertion of leading Democrats that, had they the power, they would take from the colored population the right to vote at all. (See p. 255, vol. viii.)

The measures employed by the Democrats to recruit their party from the Republican side is best shown in the testimony of the Rev. Mr. Lakin, and his narrative of the fearful deeds of the Ku-Klux in Alabama is sustained and made probable by the long series of their similar crimes in every Southern State. Mr. Lakin was sent to Alabama by Bishop Clark, of Ohio, to renew the Methodist Episcopal Church in that State. He seems to have been unusually successful. He traveled over nearly all the counties of the State. He numbered seventy ministers or teachers among his assistants; he was presiding elder of his district, and was gladly welcomed in many humble cottages on the mountains, and in every negro cabin. He was chosen president of the State university. But in 1868 the Ku-Klux were awakened by the approaching election, and by the cheering words of their friends in the North, of Seymour, Buckalew, Kernan, and Wood; they drove the Rev. Mr. Lakin from the university; they threatened death to every Republican student. In the *Independent Monitor*, of Tuscaloosa, Alabama, appeared a leading article warning the new president to leave the State at once, and a cut was given, in which the Rev. Mr. Lakin was represented as hanging from the limb of a tree. It was also suggested that the end of "negroism" was near, and that there was room on the same limb for every "Grant negro." The Ku-Klux now renewed their terrible career, nor have we space even to allude to the details of their frightful deeds. Judge Thurlow was shot at Huntsville, where the disguised assassins had ridden in openly and in "line of battle;" Judge Charlton, another active Republican, was pursued and shot; a band of Ku-Klux rode into the town of Eutaw, in irresistible strength, seized a Mr. Boyd in his room at the hotel, and murdered him. The Rev. Mr. Lakin was threatened, shot at, and finally driven to take refuge in the mountains. The fate of many of his assistant preachers revives the image of the persecutions of Decius or Diocletian. A Mr. Sullivan was barbarously whipped; the Rev. J. A. M'Cutchen, a presiding elder, was driven from Demopolis; the Rev. James Buchanan, and the Rev. John W. Tailly, another presiding elder, were expelled by force; the Rev. Jesse Kingston was shot in his pulpit; the Rev. James Dorman whipped; Dean Reynolds whipped and left nearly dead, with both arms broken; a colored preacher and his son where murdered on the public road; the Rev. Mr. Taylor severely beaten; six churches were burned in one district; school-houses were every where destroyed, and the teachers, male or female, driven away or infamously ill treated; while in many a negro cabin disguised assassins murdered the unoffending inmates, and spread terror beyond conception in all the colored population of Alabama. Such were the means by which Alabama was converted to Democracy, and by which Mr. Greeley and his associates must hope to gain the Southern vote.

The Ku-Klux sprang up almost at the same moment through all the Southern States. It terrified and subdued Louisiana; it swept over Texas; mounted and disguised ruffians rode through Mississippi in 1871, breaking up the colored schools, and driving away preachers and teachers; they covered Western Tennessee; they murdered, whipped, and tormented in North Carolina. In Georgia, we are told by Mr. Stearnes, whole counties of colored voters are disfranchised by the terrors of their fearful orgies. Not even the Congressional Committee has been able to pierce the depths of this wide-spread conspiracy. The Democratic leaders of the South, who profit by its secret influence, endeavor to hide in doubt and obscurity the means by which they forced Republican States to vote for Seymour and Blair; and by which they hope again to drive them to vote for Greeley and the Democracy. They pretend that the period of license is past; that a year of the rigid intervention of the national government has sufficed to dissolve forever the wide-spread conspiracy which in 1871 was active in its enormities in every Southern State; that every colored citizen may vote safely in Alabama, and every white Republican till his plantation in Georgia in peace. He may; but it is on the condition that he will support the Democratic candidates and the Democratic policy. Whatever be the opinion of Northern or Southern politicians, the colored and the white Republicans of the South know that the Ku-Klux conspiracy is not dissolved; that the men who rode last year in masks and grotesque disguises over Georgia and Mississippi are more ready now than they were then to murder an aged Fowler almost in the arms of his wife ("He was so old a gentleman," she said, "that she did not think they could do it"); to shoot Methodist ministers in their pulpits; to whip Republican voters until they profess Democracy, and drive them to proclaim their shame, in faltering accents, on the steps of a court-house, or in the public papers; to disfranchise counties and States. And he can scarcely deserve the confidence of honest men who professes to believe that because the Ku-Klux has hidden from justice, it is not yet firmly united, pledged to rebellion, resolute to effect its aim; that it has not its allies at the North as cruel and as barbarous as in its own section; that an organized conspiracy does not still exist in every Southern State, laboring to provoke civil war and to destroy the Union. We might learn in every negro family, and in the home of every true Republican at the South, the universal terror of the midnight assassins by which the Democracy has risen to power.

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* *The Ku-Klux Conspiracy.* Report of the Congressional Committee.

Yet Mr. Greeley and Mr. Schurz wander through the country repeating their delusive dreams of reconciliation and of peace. "The colored man at the South," exclaims the former, "has now the same rights as every other citizen." Does he not know that in many sections of the South the colored man is forced to vote the Democratic ticket, or often heroically proclaims his loyalty to the Union at the peril of his life? And still Mr. Greeley grasps the blood-stained hands of the Southern Democratic leaders, and calls it reconciliation! For Mr. Greeley there is no excuse; with Mr. Schurz ignorance is probably bliss. He has never heard nor cared to hear the simple tales of the suffering negroes, nor studied the fate of the Republican voters in Georgia and Alabama. Even in his own State, Missouri, the secret assassins a few weeks ago renewed their nightly raids, their whippings, and their murders; and still Mr. Schurz persists in forgetting the reign of terror that has never ceased at the South.

It is certain that a large majority of the Southern people would rejoice to see these "pests of society" swept away forever by the rigorous hand of the government. The merchant and the mechanic, the farmer and the laborer, had they dared, would long ago have suppressed the infamous association. But they are terrified into silence. It is not improbable that most of the honest Democrats have no sympathy with their murderous allies. And the whole colored population awaits, in prayerful silence, the result of the approaching election. From a Greeley or a Schurz they have no sympathy and no hope; but with the success of the Union party and the re-election of President Grant an assurance of a free government and of progressive prosperity will be given to all that fertile and fortunate region which has so long endured the blight of anarchy and disorder. Immigration will begin, commerce, industry, and trade revive; the rich products of the mines and the coal-fields will be unfolded by engineering skill; the errors or the frauds in its financial management will be amended or punished; peace and reconciliation must accompany the return of good order; and the brigands of the Carolinas or Alabama, of Texas and Missouri, will no longer be suffered to hold great communities in awe, and establish their usurping governments in the centre of American freedom. What freeman is there but will give his vote against that faction whose only hope of success lies in ruling the Southern States by violence and fraud? What honest man but will labor with ceaseless energy to set free the South from these enemies of industry, knowledge, liberty, and Union?

An election has just been held in Georgia, the centre of the Ku-Klux conspiracy. In Georgia Mr. Stearns has told us how whole counties are disfranchised, and colored and white Republicans held in a terrible bondage. In Georgia the Ku-Klux have once more triumphed over the oppressed majority, and insolent fraud and rebellion rule over the unhappy State. Let the freemen of the North as well as the South reply to the unblushing traitors of Georgia with indignant unanimity, and show that they will permit no governments founded upon usurpation, terror, and bloodshed to exist within the bounds of the American Union.

A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "Won—Not Wooed," "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLI.

RECOGNITION.

Jack and Blanche did not come down to Daneton, for the former had begun to have his hands too full of legal work to set his legs free, save in vacation time: idle people like the Tyndalls, they wrote, must come up to them in town, where they would be very welcome. So Arthur was deprived of the aid of his friend's sagacity in prosecuting his investigations into the subject that now so engrossed his thoughts. But had Jack been with him, it was hard to say what could have been done more than was done. It is true, Arthur might have employed a detective from London, by whose eagle eye, as he lounged before the door of his public-house or took his constitutional by the beach, every soul in the place should have been critically reviewed; but the matter was not one to be communicated even to the most trustworthy of public officers, and, moreover, he doubted the efficiency of such an ally. No clew could be obtained in London to the person who had dispatched the forged message from the telegraph office; and quietly prosecuting his own inquiries at Daneton, he convinced himself that no stranger had come down thither on the day of his own journey to town, nor for several days before it; and, moreover, that none such were at present located in the village. His investigations were thus narrowed to the Dormers itself and its inhabitants. It must have been with the connivance of some of these that that infamous and cruel trick had been played upon Jenny, if it had been played at all. But which of them was it reasonable to suspect of such a crime, and what possible reason could they have for the commission of it?

The only tenant of the house during the night in question were Mrs. Weeks and her maid-of-all-work and Jenny's maid. To imagine that either of these should have maliciously endeavored to terrify poor Mrs. Tyndall, who was a favorite with all the little household, was preposterous, even supposing they had the means of doing so, which, as Arthur conjectured, must have included some instrument analogous to a magic lantern. To be sure, the adjoining house had also its occupants, a sick and almost bed-ridden old woman, now said to be dying; and her maid, a Frenchwoman, taciturn, perhaps in spite of herself, for she could scarcely speak a word of English, but who apparently had no other interest in life beyond the care of her mistress. It was scarcely more strange even that one should rise from the dead than that sober Annette should be connected with such an outrage upon an unoffending lady. Moreover, upon cross-examining Mrs. Weeks, that honest dame most positively affirmed that the door of communication between the two houses had been locked upon the night in question, and had, according to promise, always been locked since Mrs. Newton had come to lodge with her, and that the key had never left her possession, but remained, where it was hanging at that instant, in the bunch that she always carried about with her. This was an all-important piece of evidence, and indeed, if genuine, it disposed of the whole question; for if Jenny could have been mistaken as to whether a door gave to her touch or not, her impression might be equally fanciful respecting other matters. To that conclusion, indeed, Arthur found himself in the end, and by no means reluctantly, driven. If, generally stated, it was more likely that testimony should prove untrustworthy than that a miracle should occur, how much more so was this the case when the testimony was that of a nervous, frightened woman, depressed in spirits and ailing in health, while the miracle, on the other hand, was as great as it could be. No; his poor wife's vision had been "all fancy;" and he now regretted exceedingly that he had revealed to her the occurrence which had happened to himself at Brussels, the similarity of which to her own supposed experience had doubtless given it a greater appearance of reality than it had worn before. The one thing that remained inexplicable, and troubled him more than he would have liked to confess, was the forged telegram; but the coincidence of it with his wife's seizure might, after all, have been accidental, and the deception that had been played upon him have had no other object than to send him on a fool's errand. On the whole, therefore, the best thing to be done seemed to be to remove his wife from Daneton, and take advantage of the Adairs' invitation to London, where she would be free from all unwholesome associations; and for this he only waited for the doctor to give his sanction by pronouncing Jenny fit to travel.

Exactly one month after the incident which had cost them both so dear this sanction was obtained. The old medico had paid his last professional visit, and was giving a few parting words of advice to Arthur in the drawing-room respecting the course to be adopted for the future with Mrs. Tyndall, who was still far from convalescent, and so timid that she could not be left alone even in the daylight, when a curious circumstance occurred. There was a knock at the door, and in came Mrs. Weeks with a mysterious air.

"If you please, Sir, Annette, Mrs. Newton's maid, has *come round*" (which words were italicized, as much as to say, "She is obliged to do *that*, because, as I have stated, the door of communication is always kept locked"), "and begs to say that her mistress wishes to see you immediately, if you will kindly step in."

"But I have just seen the poor lady," began the doctor.

"It isn't *you*, Sir, but Mr. Tyndall, whom she wants."

"There must be some mistake," said Arthur; "unless," and he looked toward the doctor inquiringly, "the poor woman is out of her mind."

"She is quite herself," answered the other; "but, as I have warned Mrs. Weeks here, she can not last many days, nor perhaps even many hours. That is one of the reasons, Mr. Tyndall, why I am inclined to hurry your wife's departure from the Dormers. The decease of my poor patient under the same roof would only add another element of gloom to her associations with this place."

"Without doubt, it would," said Arthur. "But this message is quite unintelligible to me.—Are you sure, Mrs. Weeks, that you have not misunderstood it?"

"Well, Sir, I mayn't be a good French scholard," rejoined that lady, austerely, "though I have heard a deal of that language talked in my time, when in service with Mr. Waldron, whose lady was French, and whose daughter spoke it as her mother-tongue; but I think I know the difference between the doctor's name and yours, even when spoken by a foreigner. 'My mistress entreats the presence of Mr. Tyndall, if he would have the goodness to *step round*,' was what Annette said, or words to that effect. You should see her yourself; but she ran back immediately, so as not to leave her poor mistress alone."

"It is very strange," said Arthur, musing; "but I will go, of course, at once."

"I was sure you would, Sir," said the old lady, brightening up; "and to save you trouble, here is the key of the party door, so that you can go right through without leaving the house."

Arthur took it mechanically, and Mrs. Weeks left the room.

"What can be the meaning of this, doctor?"

"Oh, it is simple enough. When folks feel themselves dying it is generally supposed that their thoughts are monopolized with their own case; but that is not always so; on the contrary, the progress of their malady often gives them a curious interest in other sick persons. This poor lady doubtless wishes to ask after Mrs. Tyndall, who, she has heard, has been taken ill lately, and perhaps to send her some kindly message. To me, however, she has scarcely opened her lips, except to answer a question or two with respect to herself; not that many questions were necessary, poor soul: she was in a rapid decline when she came down hither, and now the end is very near indeed, as you will see for yourself."

But though to the doctor this explanation of the caprice of a dying woman seemed satisfactory enough, to Arthur it was still strange and unaccountable. He went upon his way with reluctant steps, and had it not been for his feelings of humanity, would very gladly have excused himself from such an errand. As it was, he mused and lingered, and when he arrived at the end of the passage, put the key into the door of communication with something more than deliberation. A presentiment, not of evil, indeed, but of some very unpleasant experience, was upon him, and it would have been something like a relief to him if he had been unable to open the door, and been compelled to go round by the garden way. The lock, indeed—probably through disuse—did not turn very easily; and, on stooping down to inspect it, he perceived a white substance, which was also clinging to the wards of the key. It flashed upon him in a moment that wax had been recently used in order to take an impression of the lock. In that case Mrs. Weeks's precaution to keep the door fast had been altogether thrown away. This discovery agitated him considerably, since it confirmed at least one of Jenny's statements regarding the occurrences of that eventful night; but, at the same time, it renewed his hesitation. At a wrench at the key and a push with his foot the door gave way, and he found himself in the other house, which was, it seemed, an exact counterpart of its neighbor dwelling. He had entered a long passage, answering to that from which he had just emerged. As he did so the door on his left hand, answering to that of what had been his former bedroom, was opened, and Mrs. Newton's French maid appeared.

"O Heaven! how you frightened me, Sir," said she, in trembling tones, and speaking in the French tongue. "I had forgotten that there was that way in, and was listening for the front-door bell."

"Some one else has not forgotten it," thought Arthur, regarding the Frenchwoman with grave attention.

She was a stout, middle-aged personage, of respectable appearance, and with so little of the foreigner about her that, but for her speech, she might easily have been taken for a fellow-countrywoman of his own. He had met her occasionally, when following her mistress in the chair upon the sands—when she had been strong enough to use that exercise—and he had taken no particular notice of her. But now, as they stood face to face, it struck him that once upon a time, he knew not where, he had met her, not so casually—somewhere else. The woman, on her part too—though that might well be attributed to their unexpected rencontre—looked confused and embarrassed.

"Have *you* never used that door," observed he, sternly, "since you have been in this house?"

"I, Sir? No. Why should I have done so? And, moreover, the landlady of monsieur himself reserves the key." If her surprise *was* feigned, it was well feigned: in the expression of her profound astonishment she even smiled.

"And your mistress—has she never opened that door?"

"My mistress? What can monsieur be dreaming of?" Her eyebrows met the hair of her head; her plump shoulders touched her ears. "My mistress has not moved since we have been at this sad place without my help. And now, alas! she will never do so, even with it. Madame is dying, monsieur." Annette heaved a sigh that seemed to come from her very heart, but there were no tears in her quiet eyes.

"You are used to nurse the sick?" observed Arthur, significantly.

"Yes, indeed. I have been with madame for years; and she has been failing, dying, from the first."

"But you have nursed others also; it was your trade?"

"Perhaps. What matters?" answered she, hurriedly. "Hush! that is madame's hand-bell; and there are no minutes to lose. Will you please step in?"

Arthur would willingly have continued to question this woman, whom he now fully recognized as having been employed about the convalescent wards in the hospital at Brignon. But her tone had a certain imperativeness in it to which he felt forced to accede; and, moreover, she already stood in the sick-room—where, perhaps, indeed, she had taken refuge, for he had heard no bell—to which he had been so strangely summoned, and where, of course, such inquiries could not be pursued. The chamber was precisely similar to the one Arthur and his wife had occupied previous to the night of her alarm, except that what had been his dressing-room was here thrown into it, and not divided by any partition-wall. The increased size of the apartment made it look more lone and comfortless; nor had even the same scanty pains been taken with it to make it appear home-like and habitable; while the shutters were almost closed, as though to typify the shadow that was about to fall upon its tenant. With the personal appearance of the patient herself Arthur had been tolerably familiar—he had seen her when in her Bath chair, and also as she sat knitting at her window that overlooked the garden; but as he looked at her now, in that dim light, he hardly recognized her, so deep had been the ravages of disease during the last few weeks. She was lying with her face to the wall, which her gray hair almost touched; and her eyes were closed. For all that she showed of life she might have been already dead.

"Madame, monsieur is come," whispered Annette, bending over the pillow.

The sick woman feebly opened her eyes. "It is well," answered she, in French. "Leave us alone, Annette—quite alone. When I want you," she added, feebly, "I will ring the hand-bell."

Annette gave a sign of assent; and passing close to Arthur, whispered, "Be patient, be pitiful; death will be here to-night at furthest;" then left the room, closing the door behind her.

Her quiet tread—the footstep of one trained to avoid stealthiness as much as noise—passed along the uncarpeted passage, and away down stairs. Then all was silent, save for the quiet beat of the wave without as it rose and fell on the sand. Arthur stood in the centre of the room, in a state of great embarrassment and discomfort; it seemed to him that the whimsical wish of the poor patient to speak with him, if such it was, must have passed away, or that her failing brain had forgotten his presence. He was about to remind her of it by a cough, when her feeble voice once more made itself heard: "Open the shutters."

This was not to be done on the instant, for there were two tolerably large windows, and the shutters moved stiffly and reluctantly on their hinges; but Arthur, though surprised at her request, obeyed it with all diligence. The full light of the noonday sun streamed into the room and on the bed on which the sick woman lay.

He had got thus far, and had turned round to address her, when he interrupted himself with a low cry of pain and horror.

"Hush!" whispered the patient, who had raised herself upon the pillow a little, and was confronting him with a very different face from that she had worn when he had looked upon her last. Her gray hair had been cast aside, and was replaced by light brown tresses; her features, still pinched and worn, and with the coming change foreshadowed upon them as surely as before, were now those of a young woman. "Fear not, for I am flesh and blood, Arthur," she went on, in a tone of bitter mockery; "though there is but little left of either."

"Helen!" exclaimed Arthur, in horrified amazement. "You are not Helen?"

"Yes, I am," was the grim rejoinder; "I am Helen Tyndall, *your wife*."

CHAPTER XLII.

RECONCILIATION.

The amazement and horror of Arthur Tyndall on beholding this terrible spectacle was unrelieved by one moment of incredulity. Woeworn and wan, and with the look, if not of death upon her, yet of the shadow which death casts before it, his recognition of his late wife was as complete as it was sudden. He did not doubt for a single instant that he saw before him that Helen who, in the world's belief, had been lying for the last two years beneath the mould of Swansdale church-yard. His flesh had curdled, his knees had trembled beneath him, but not with superstitious terror; it was She, herself, and that was horror enough. But now, when he heard her mocking voice, low as a fiend's whisper, murmur in his ear, *your wife*, and marked the malice of her wasted face, another feeling took possession of him—unutterable scorn and loathing. She saw it in his shrinking form and knitted brows, and laughed a harsh, low, grating laugh, the very ghost of that he had once known so well, just as she was the very ghost of her former self.

"You are thinking of that woman yonder," said she, pointing with her wasted hand toward the wall that had divided the two houses. "Since I am your lawful wife, you are saying to yourself, What, then, must Jenny be? Shall I tell you? Here a cough so violent seized the wretched woman that to see it shake and tear her would have moved a harder heart than Arthur Tyndall's, even though it had not been evident, as it was, that a few more painful hours were all that remained to her on earth, whether for bitterness or reconciliation. He ran forward to support her, and presently pouring out a glass of water, put it to her white lips, with an expression of tenderness and pity.

She drank; and while he waited patiently lest she should need another draught, she clasped his hand, and kissed it eagerly, fell back again upon the pillow in such a passion of grief as it seemed incredible her feeble frame could have endured.

Arthur's heart had already melted within him, but now he knelt down by the bedside and mingled his rare tears with hers.

"How can you, *can* you be so good to me," she murmured, presently, "when you know what I have done to you and *her*?"

"Hush, hush, Helen! As for me, you have done nothing—whatever you have done—that I have not deserved; and as for her, she will forgive you, and pray God to do so."

"No, no! No woman could do that, Arthur, on whom such disgrace and shame have fallen as I have brought on her. I am sorry for it; I repent of it; but I can not undo it." She paused a moment to draw her labored breath, and then went on: "I had meant to be hard and bitter to the last; but the sight of your tears, the touch of your hand, have been too much for me. Oh, Arthur, Arthur, how I love you even yet! How could you cast such love away?"

"Dear Helen, this is no time for argument, I know," said Arthur, gravely; "but indeed I did not what you charge me with. I may have let it slip, but—"

"Arthur," interrupted Helen, solemnly, and looking into his tearful face, "you are speaking to one who in a few hours hence will stand before the judgment-seat of Heaven. Answer me, therefore, truly, were you not a faithless husband to me?"

"As I hope myself for Heaven's mercy, I never was, Helen."

"Then I have done you wrong indeed," groaned Helen; "and her a greater wrong. Still, you sinned in thought, Arthur; you wrote to her, and received letters from her?"

"Never, Helen, never—not one line."

"What was that packet, then—the packet you would never show me—and that I saw her give to you in the chalk-pit? What was in it?"

"My own letters, Helen. Letters that I had written to her years ago, when but a boy, before I went abroad. Those, and a little trinket—which she returned to me, in token that our love was over—that was all. Except that once—the meeting to which you were witness—we never met; we never wrote; we never thought of love."

There was a long silence, during which Helen lay, with wide eyes looking straight before her, pondering many things.

"Give me the medicine, Arthur—the one that lends me strength. I have much to say to you, but little breath, and scanty time. This woman was not an angel, though you thought her so. She counted on my death to marry you."

"Indeed, she did not, Helen. In her most secret thought, I'll stake my life, she never wished for it."

"Why not?" asked the sick woman, hoarsely—"when I wished for hers, and strove to take her life—"

"To take her life? Dear Helen, your words are wild; you are not yourself. Be calm."

"Arthur, is it possible that she never told you? But no; you must be deceiving me, for Mr. Glyddon knew it; and, besides, I wrote it on that paper. Oh, husband! be true and frank with me for this one hour."

"I am speaking naught but truth, Helen. I know nothing of the matter at which you hint."

"What! did you never hear what happened at the lasher?"

"That you saved Jenny's life there; yes, of course."

"And not that it was I who pushed her in?"

"What! you? Dear Helen, you know not what you say."

"Alas! alas! I do. Ask *her*. And yet, perhaps, she may not confess it even now. Oh, do not hate me for a guilty wretch, nor curse me when I am dead indeed; but I did do it. And I have done worse, far worse, since then. Think me mad, dear husband—maddened by jealous love; not guilty; and pity and forgive me."

"I pity and forgive you with all my heart, dear Helen, whatever you have done; I know not what it is, but partly guess. Be calm, and trouble yourself no longer about the past. What is done is done; and the best of us can but be sorry for it."

"Ay; but then some can make amends, and I, alas! can *not*. There lies the sting. Once more the medicine, and the touch of your dear hand, that seems to stir the embers of my life. The rector says—a good man, Arthur, if ever there was one, who kept my secret safe, God bless him for it!—that it is good to make confession—the best use to which to put the failing breath. Let me make it now, a full one; so that in the years to come no more misfortune may crop up, sown by this guilty hand, for which you are unprepared. When you married *me*, Arthur—dear to me when I knew it as when I knew it not—you loved another." Arthur shook his head—not very decisively, however. "You did, you did! I do not blame you for it; or, rather, it was I who was to blame as well, when, guessing at it, I still pressed my love upon you. It was unmaidenly, as some would say, Arthur; but it was not unwomanly—for, ah! I loved you so. We married; and, suspicious of you always, my worst fears seemed realized when we returned to Swansdale. Perhaps, if I had spoken out, and taxed you with the wrong I thought you did me, all might have gone well, at least not so ill as this; but I was cold and cross, and you were cold, reserved, resentful. Don't think I wish to make excuses for myself; I know that I was wrong, and thought unjustly of you. There was a man—one Allardyce—who did his best to shame you; a blind worm in the grass that would have been a viper; he was naught to me; and yet you had a juster ground for censure against me on his account than I against yourself on—what is the name you call her?—Jenny's. That girl I hated from the first; and on the day when I was witness to your meeting with her, and saw you kiss that packet, I was a murderer in my heart—in act almost a murderer too. But I repented—I thank Heaven for it—and strove to undo what I did in haste, as she will witness. Then, because she kept my secret, and was generous to me, and because you thanked me for having saved her life, my hate redoubled. At one time in my bitter, loveless life I had longed to die; but now, being ill, and feeling that the seeds of death were in me, I desired to live: 'For if I die,' thought I, 'Arthur will marry her.' Then we went abroad—to Brignon. You recollect the misery of that time. I will not dwell upon it. Well, even then it entered into my heart that I would leave you, and hiding away somewhere, die, so that you should never know I was dead, or be able to take this woman for your wife; and for that purpose I put money by me, which was afterward used for a still worse purpose. When the accident happened I was taken to the hospital, like yourself. I mended, and grew better, but was still far from convalescent, when some catastrophe in the town—the falling of a circus tent—made urgent demand upon the hospital resources, and I was removed into the convalescent ward, to make room for some young girl who died that very night. In the unwonted hurry and confusion, *the name upon the bed-head was not changed*, and when (as I afterward heard) my maid came as usual the next morning to see me, and, as I believe, Blanche as well, they were told that I was dead. They went up and saw the corpse stretched out in my old place, with the sheet over it, and did not dare, I suppose, to lift it. A suspicion of what had occurred came over me when I found that no one visited me as before; and in a few days, keeping very quiet, but listening for all that was said around me, I heard the tidings of my own death, and of how my body had been carried away by the rich English milord and ladies to be buried at home. I heard also with a joy more shameful than my grief that you were getting well and strong again, for the vile design over which I had long been brooding had already taken hateful shape. The germ of it was due to a slight thing enough, yet one which by its associations might well have touched my heart had it not been changed to stone by jealousy. On that river voyage that we two took together, in what seems such a far back time"—for the first time Helen's voice, which, though feeble, had been hitherto firm and resolute, here began to tremble—"in that bright day when earth and sky and water seemed to rejoice with me because of your dear love, then were some stories told; one, by the man Allardyce, of some one who had married in England and been divorced in Scotland, and who, marrying again, had been claimed by his first wife as her rightful husband, to the confusion of the second; and again, some tale of Blanche's about the chalk-pit above Swansdale being haunted. You will remember *that*, because you met this girl—to whom you had plighted troth and broken it—just after the tale was told, at Swansdale Lock."

Arthur bowed his head so low and sadly that it seemed less in assent than in contrition.

"Well, out of those two tales I shaped my plan. That you would marry this woman—as you did—I felt convinced; and my intention was to keep out of your sight and knowledge till you should do so, then break in on your guilty happiness, and change it to misery and shame. I meant to haunt your home like the ghost that Blanche had spoken of, and terrify this hateful woman, if not yourself. All this I thought of, gloated over, as I lay in bed, supposed to be unconscious, until one day came in a woman who had been employed elsewhere in the accident wards, and recognized me."

"That was Annette?" said Arthur.

"Yes; Annette. She is a faithful, innocent creature, and has been very good to me. At first I tried to bribe her to silence; but that failing, I told her all and more than all my wrongs—how that you had ill treated me, beaten me, and even designedly caused the accident by which I had so nearly lost my life; and she believed me. I persuaded her that my only chance of happiness for the rest of my short life—for though I had recovered from the direct effects of the fall from the carriage, it had injured what were already diseased, my lungs, and I was doomed to die—was to keep out of your way, and give no sign of my existence. In this she consented, out of pity, to assist me; and to make sure of her silence, when I left the hospital, which I did under a false name, I took her with me. I had sufficient money to support us both laid by, as I have said, and hidden in notes about me; and I followed you—not telling Annette that I was doing so—to Brussels. Why so? you will say. I can not tell you why. My love for you was dead, and yet I longed to look upon your face once more. I watched and dogged you. Your pale looks smote my heart; above all, it melted toward you because you showed no sign of returning to England, where that woman was. One night, however, I saw you start in company with some friends for the masquerade: that made me bitter again. To think that within three weeks of your Helen's death you should drive away all thought—remorseful thought, as I imagined it to be, remember—"

"It *was* remorseful," murmured Arthur.

"Well, to think that you should seek enjoyment in such a place, and find it so very, very soon, was wormwood to me; and, instigated by headlong passion and jealousy of I know not what, I followed you."

"I saw you in the theatre," cried Arthur. "I knew that it was you even before you removed your domino, and froze me with your ghastly, scornful look."

"I know it," said Helen. "It was the madness of the moment: I periled all my plan when I did that, I know, and yet I could not resist the temptation to reveal myself. 'He will not believe even his own eyes,' said I to myself; and yet, in my secret heart, I thought you would. Notwithstanding my unforgiving wrath and malice against you, and the danger to which I knew I had thus exposed the execution of my cherished vengeance, it was a satisfaction to me that you recognized your Helen—that rather than deny the face you had so often kissed, you accepted the miracle. I watched, and saw that it made you a changed man. A hundred times I had made up my mind to write to you and confess all, and then to come and meekly beg forgiveness of you; but I did not. I said, 'I will wait a year and a day,' when, as I had heard, widowers are free to marry. Then suddenly, on receipt of some message by the telegraph, you left Brussels—for Swansdale, as my heart foreshadowed, and I followed you. While lurking in the neighborhood disguised—I was at the inn at Medhurst within four miles of you—I learned the worst I feared had come to pass: that you were engaged to my rival. Then began my madness; my love for you died out, or seemed to do so, to its last spark, and my one desire was for revenge. I followed you to London. There, although I thought my heart was already brimmed with hate against the woman that was to succeed me, it found room for more; for, by one I set to watch your movements and all you did, I learned that my mother—my own mother—had received her; that she regarded with patience, if not with favor, the girl that was to usurp her daughter's place! Oh, Arthur, if it seems hard to die and be forgotten, how much harder to live on and watch your memory fail and fade away, and mark the image of yourself, that you had deemed imprinted on a loved one's heart forever, wax dim and wane! A dead man out of mind is dead; and (unless he has earned hell's torments) knows not how soon those near and dear to him throw off the heart's allegiance or—worse, a thousand times—transfer it to another; how smoothly runs that round of life without him of which he was once the pivot! But I—false to the core—was, for my falsehood, doomed to be spectatress of my own oblivion! Oh, Arthur! I have indeed been punished for my sin; and when I wronged you most, deserved your pity. Pity me, for pity is akin to love, they say; or, if you can not pity, think me mad—for mad I was—mad from the first, to think of such a fiendish, foolish scheme; and madder made by the sight of that which from the first I knew that I should see—this woman taken to your heart, your arms! Ah, how I hated her, and cursed you both? I could not make you criminal—felon—by intermarrying with her while I was alive: that was done in innocence; but what I could do that I did, and gloried in it. This girl, who thought to be your wife, was but your paramour! Oh, that was sweet; and if she should have offspring—the children that you longed for, and that Heaven had denied to me—they would be bastards! Ah, that was balm!"

The color came into the dying woman's cheeks, and in her eyes a fire of triumph, and her voice rang for the moment like a trumpet. Then she fell back and gasped what seemed her last; and once more Arthur put the medicine to her lips, and once more life flowed back a little, and she went on in a hoarse whisper:

"You married, and went abroad. I heard of you in France, in Italy, so happy, so unlike the man you had been when you had been wedded to your late unsympathizing, unessential spouse. They spared me nothing—why should they?—those whom I employed to tell me all—in their reports of you. You were coming back, like two young lovers still, to Swansdale. I went down before you, and in tourist guise gained access to the Hall, and left a paper, where I knew your wife would find it, dated two years ago, and setting forth how that you wished me dead, that you might marry her, and had sworn to kill me; and that if I did die on a sudden, it would be by poison; or if by any seeming accident, such as the being thrown out of a carriage, it would be no accident, but by your malice and intent. You turn your face away; you loathe me: well you may. But I have not done yet; hear all—hear all! This set your wife a-thinking—as I knew it would—upon our miserable life together, and was it possible that you had thus ill used your Helen? And she fell ill and lost her spirits—though not her looks; she would not, curse her! lose her fair, soft looks, that had entrapped you so—with keeping the secret from you. This went on for months, and you were wretched, both. I felt no pity, not a grain, for she was quick with child; and I, the barren wife, loathed her for that more than for all. For her health's sake, you came to Daneton. *I* needed Daneton air too. The doctor said that I might prolong my life to half a year, perhaps (but he was sanguine there), by going thither. And with that excuse I ventured to house myself beneath the very roof that sheltered her and you. There was no time to spare, if I would see the harvest of that vengeance of which I had already sown the seed ripen and cut and gathered in. Up to that moment I had felt no penitence nor pang of remorse; no halt of purpose. Finding you happy here, I looked to find it strengthened, and myself more resolute for evil; but it was not so. At times even as I watched you both—you little knew whose eyes were on you, Arthur—in the garden and on the beach, so satisfied with each other's company, so well pleased with all you saw and all you did together—at times, I say, the thought would cross me: 'Are they so very guilty, after all? If they did wrong me while I was alive, could they be so light of heart and so content?' I had told Annette I did but come hither to feast my eyes in secret upon the man I had once so dearly loved before I died; and there were moments, nurse my passion against you as I would, when my heart did yearn toward you as it does now, husband—and I relented from my purpose. But they were few—few as the lucid intervals that light the gloom of madness. I had sworn to take full vengeance, and I kept my oath. I could not hope to see this bastard born, and gloat my eyes on the disgrace brought forth with it upon its mother: my time was too short for that: and if from any cause you should have gone home or elsewhere, I was too ill to follow you. But I might appear to her as risen from the tomb in some lone night; and though I died the next day, the remembrance of that ghastly vision should haunt her, as it had haunted you—but worse—until her latest day. If she had not told you of that paper—and I did not think she had—she would be sure to take it as a confirmation of the cruel charge I had made in it against yourself: my unquiet spirit, she would think, was crying out for vengeance, retribution.—Oh yes; I know it was a demon's act; and when you look upon me thus, Arthur, I feel as though I were in the place of demons! Yet think, oh, think, that ere yonder sun has set, we two shall part forever; and strive in this last hour to pity and forgive a woman wronged!"

He did not speak, but, still kneeling by the bed, kissed the wasted hand that clung to his own, as though in fear lest he should rise in wrath and leave her.

"It was a hateful act, dear Arthur—a vile and wicked deed, and false and fraudulent from first to last. I took an impress of the lock of the door of communication between the houses, and had a key made from it in town; and when all was ready I caused the message to be sent that took you thither, and left her here defenseless and alone. She has told you all that happened, doubtless; but she does not know that that which killed her child has saved her honor. If it had lived, remember, it would have been the child of shame. In that, my vengeance overreached itself. Moreover, what half slew her has made an end of me: the dragging myself by night from this sick-bed, and climbing on the chair to show myself above the wall to her—well, all that has quickened what before was fast approaching; and at last I die, and leave her free."

"And you repent, dear Helen?" whispered Arthur, eagerly. "You are sorry that you injured one who never meant you ill?"

"Yes, yes; I do—I am. When she becomes your wife—for *I* am your wife, Arthur, while I live—tell her, tell her that I was sorry. And, Arthur—lean down, lean down, and listen; I have but a minute more: don't tell my mother; don't let her ever know; dear soul, kind soul. And—and—when you think of *me*—remember you did love this woman, all along, better—better far than me—and pity, pity your poor wife—your *wife*, who lacked your love!"

There was no sound more but the lap of the wave without; she was dead, with her hand still clasped in his, and her last look fixed on his face. Pity her! He had never loved her so dearly, or so deeply, as at that moment. When he had thought her dead before, he had been sorry, remorseful, wretched, but he had never shed the tears that he shed now. If she could have waked to feel them falling over her cold cheek, she would have said, "I must be dead indeed; and this is heaven."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Sir Boyle Roche, in wordy conflict with Curran in the Irish House of Commons, made some allusion to Curran's honor. "Sir," said Curran, "do not speak of my honor; I am the guardian of my own honor." "Faith," said Sir Boyle, "I knew that some time or other you would accept a sinecure."

A good hotel-keeper is a man that one can always put up with.

A Soft Blow—A gentle breeze.

A school-master gave out one morning as a reading lesson to his first class that portion of the "Merchant of Venice" in which the "pound of flesh" scene occurs. The reading finished, he asked the class what Shylock meant when he said, "My deeds upon my head." "Well," said the tallest boy, "I don't know, unless he carried his papers in his hat."

When is a cat like a tea-pot?—When you're teasin' it (tea's in it).

A Tail of Misery—The cocktail.

Lord Castlereagh, passing the Irish Houses of Parliament soon after the Union, in company with Curran, said to the latter, "What shall we do with this useless building? I hate the very sight of it." "No wonder, my lord," said Curran. "I never yet heard of a murderer who liked to see the ghost of the man he murdered."

The table of interest is the dinner-table.

It is said the washer-women of Chicago are getting up a wring.

In the window of a shop in an obscure part of London is this announcement: "Goods removed, messages taken, carpets beaten, and poetry composed on any subject."

Can the man who attends the street lamps be called a light character?

At a concert on Staten Island some time since an unseen horn was sounded to give the effect of a distant echo of the chorus. This effect was slightly marred by some one's immediately bawling, "Porgies!"

In San Francisco hangs the sign of a Chinese washer-man, which reads thus:

Washing and Ironing,
by
Wa Shing.

"The rich," said a Jew, "eat venison because it ish deer; I eat mutton because it ish sheep."

The following advertisement appears in a Canadian paper: "Will the gentleman who stole my melons last Saturday night be generous enough to return me a few of the seeds, as they are a choice variety?"

A Racy Subject—The winning horse.

Neck-ties made of leather, with gilt buckles, are said to have been proposed as the fashionable novelty for gentlemen's wear the coming winter. Some one, on being offered one of these, exclaimed, "Is thy servant a dog?"

The Advance-Guard—A betrothal ring.

Why is an address on board a ship like a bracelet?—Because it's a deck oration (decoration).

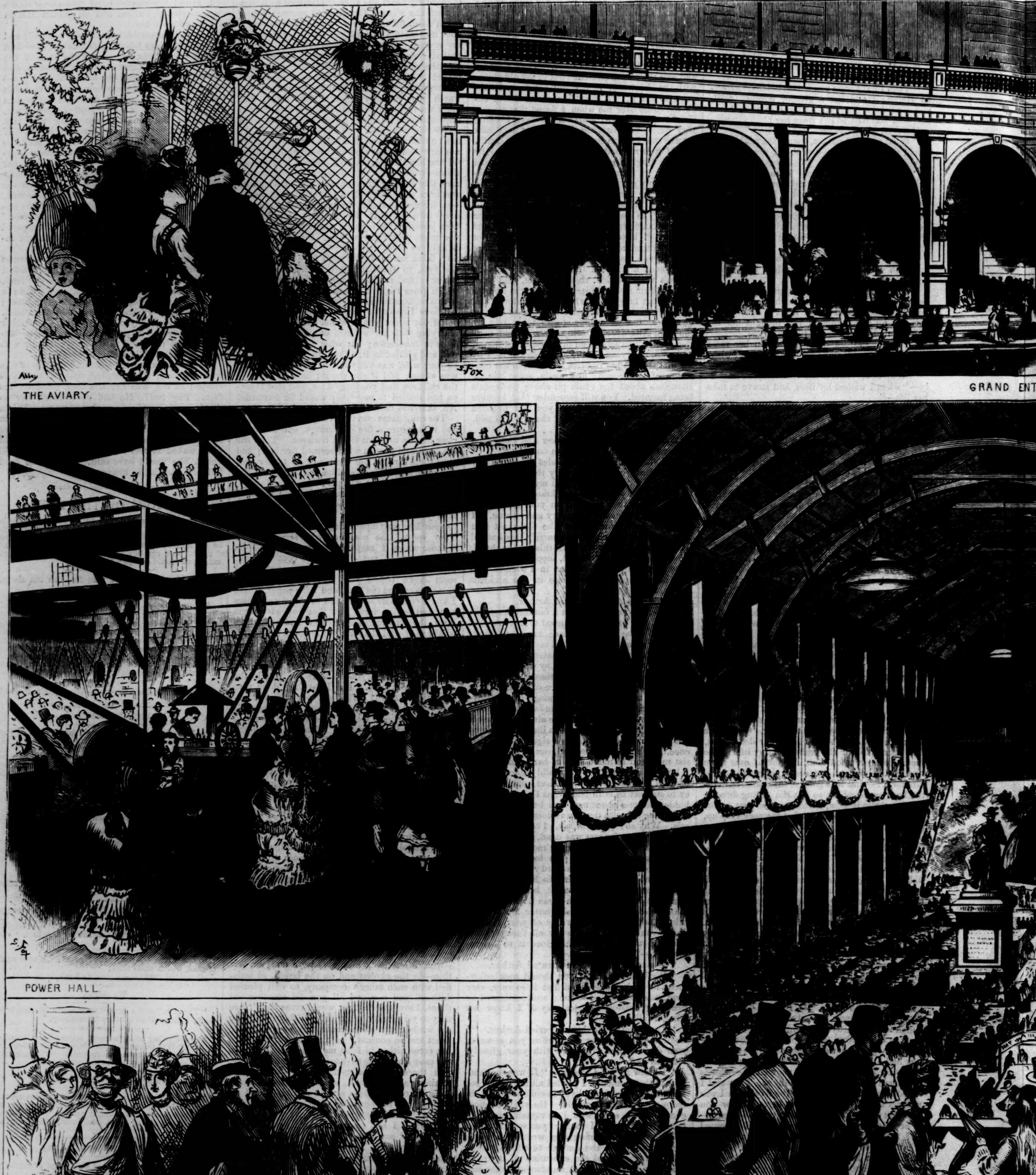
An Unsatisfactory Meal—A domestic broil.

Last from the Nursery.—"Tiddy ickle tootsey tum, why does it such faces make? Is a pin a-sticking in it? Has it got a tummic-ache?"

Ode to a Money-Lender—"Meet me a loan."

The old motto, "One good turn deserves another," evidently originated with the organ-grinder.

The following note, written to a school-fellow by a girl who had been absent several days, illustrates the sweet simplicity of childhood: "Dear Susie,—I sha'n't attend school again until I get some new cuffs, collars, and ribbons. Dear mamma agrees with me that it is my dooty to take the shine out of that upstart, Mary Jones—and I'll do it if I never learn nothing."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THE AVIARY.

GRAND ENT

POWER HALL.

ART GALLERY.

THE ENTRANCE TO M

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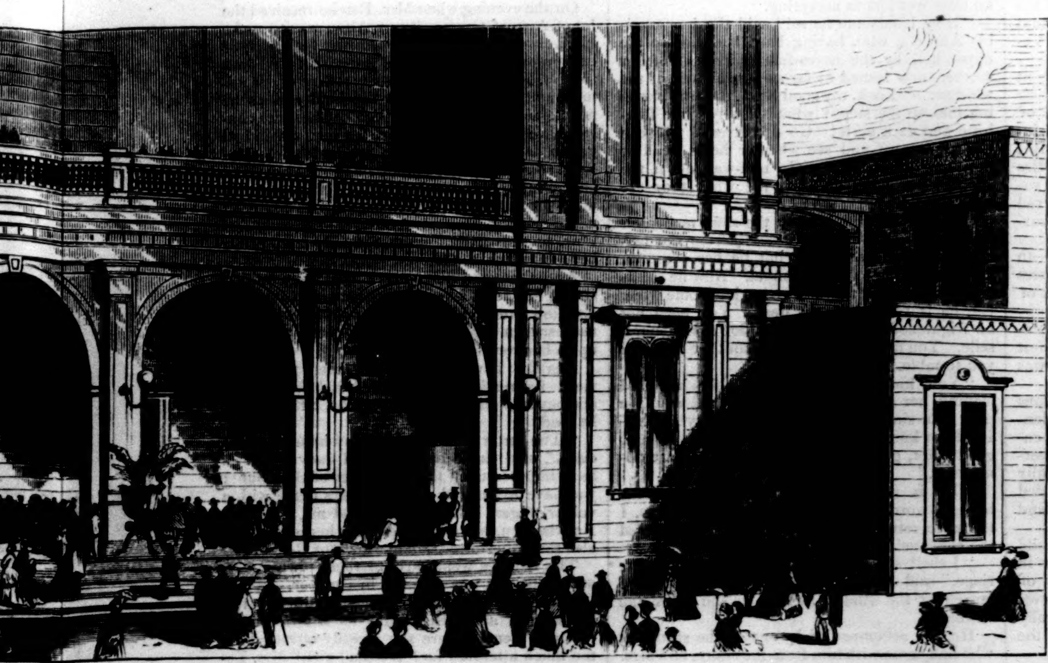

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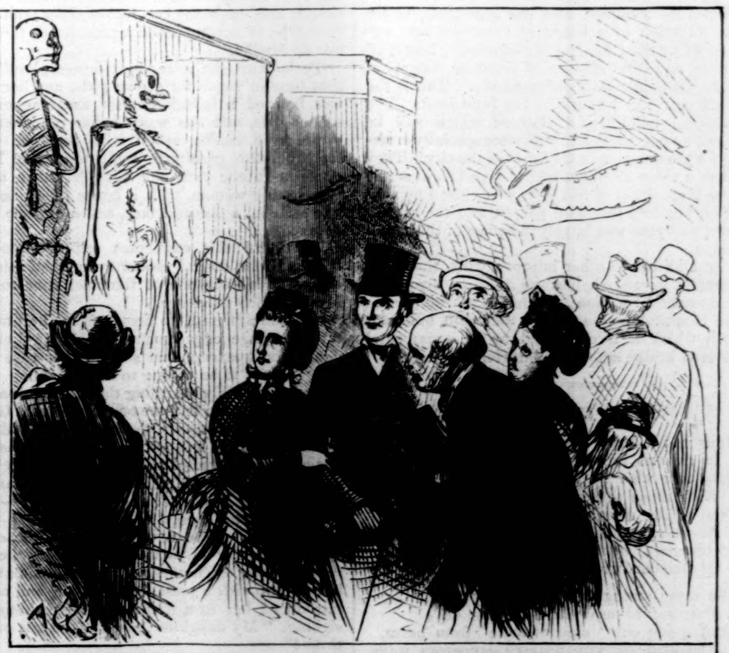
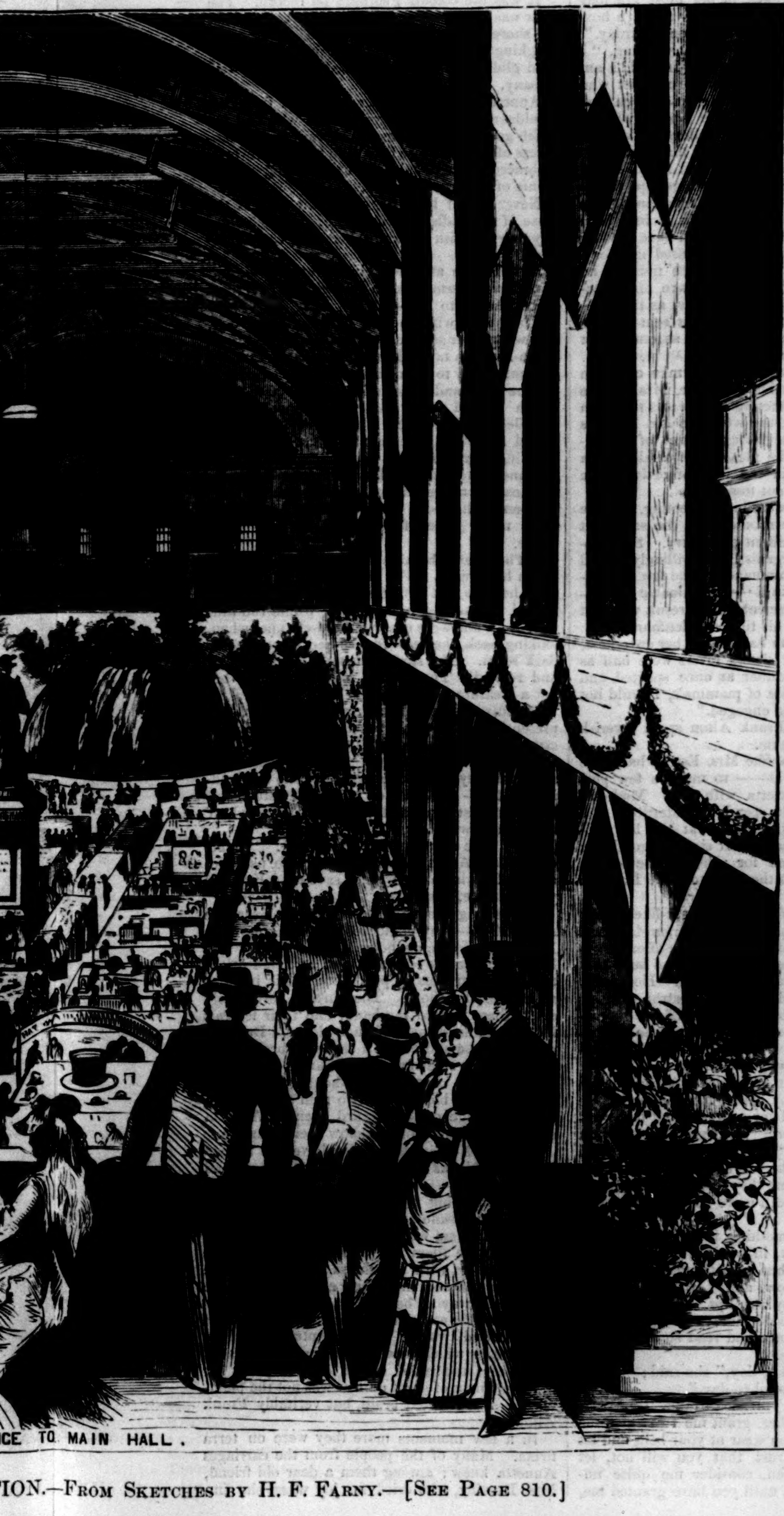
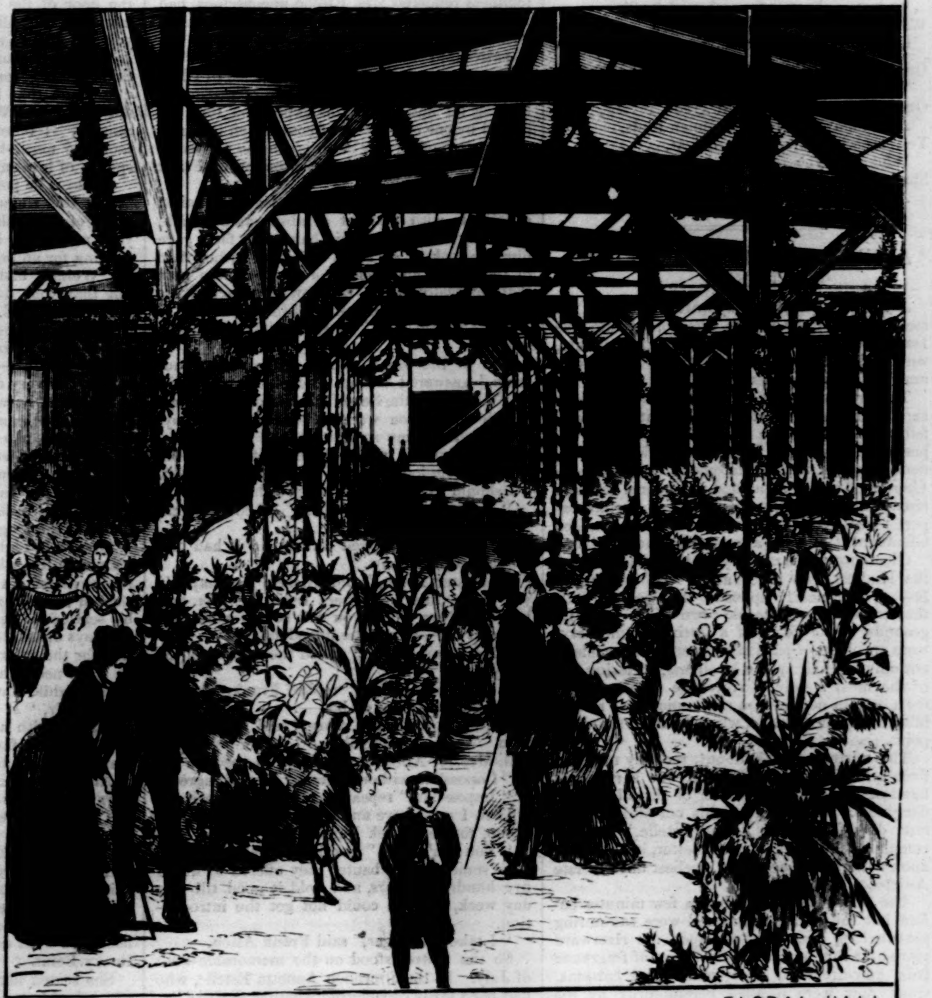


MAN AND THE GORILLA.

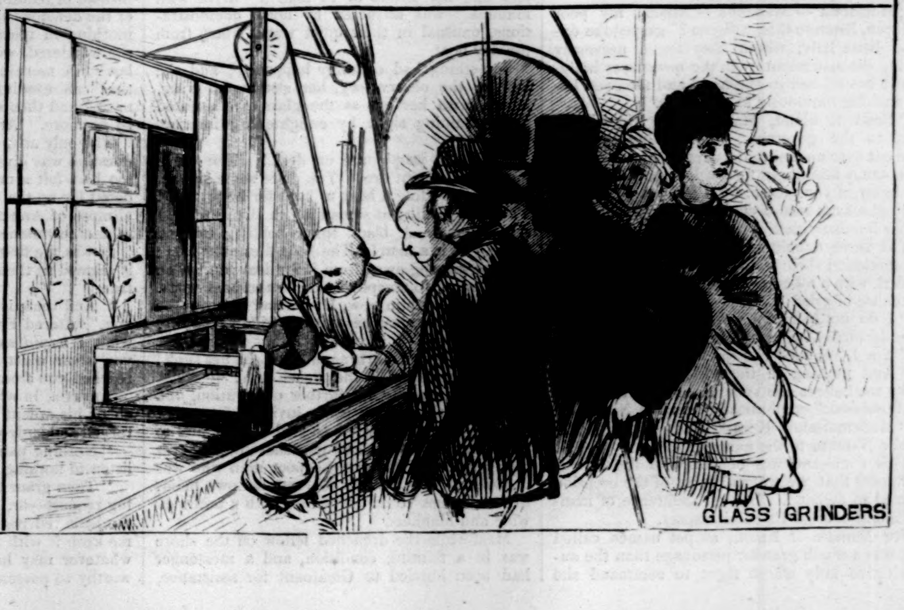
CABINET OF NATURAL HISTORY.



CE TO MAIN HALL.



FLORAL HALL



GLASS GRINDERS

ION.—FROM SKETCHES BY H. F. FARNY.—[SEE PAGE 810.]

THE CINCINNATI EXPOSITION.

The Cincinnati Industrial Exposition of Manufacturers' Products and the Fine Arts, under the direction of a board of commissioners appointed by the Chamber of Commerce, Board of Trade, and Ohio Mechanics' Institute, was opened to the public early in September. This is the third year the Exposition has been held. The beautiful buildings, a view of which will be found on pages 808 and 809, were specially erected for the occasion in the heart of the city. They cover a space all under roof of about eight acres. The Exposition of last year was visited by over three hundred thousand people, and the attendance this year was largely in excess of that number.

In addition to other improvements, the management erected a handsome *fire-proof* structure, to be used for a Fine Art Hall, 62×160 feet, in the beautiful park opposite the main building, with which it is connected by an ornamental covered bridge across the intervening street.

GRANT.

Ours not a battle with the sword,
  In this no brother's blood be shed,
Only that we may keep our word
  With those that slumber with the dead:
True to the memories that rise
  Above the countless, nameless graves
Of bleaching bones 'neath Southern skies,
  Of freedom won for Southern slaves.

The same strong will and sturdy arm
  That served us well in darkest days
Shall guide our "ship of state" from harm,
  And lead her safe through dangerous ways.
He fights the struggle of the brave
  'Gainst malice, hate, and envious lies,
Written in sand; before the wave
  Of God-like truth their record flies.

Onward the ranks of hearts so true,
  That failed not in our sorest needs;
Once more they march in grand review,
  And follow where his banner leads.
Yes, he who never knew defeat,
  Who gave the fettered slave release,
Shall win a victory complete,
  And crown it with a lasting peace.

ANNETTA: THE LAST OF THE THREE.

A report which had appeared in one of the metropolitan daily papers was copied into the 1st of August issue of a provincial weekly, with a flaming caption and nearly half a column of facetious addenda.

The original report chronicled the narrow escape from drowning of a young gentleman who fell overboard from a river steamer nearly opposite the landing at R——. The facetious addenda applied to this statement by the *Weekly Courier* of R—— abounded in personal hits and circumstantial innuendoes; and when this paper, three weeks after its publication, reached Glenfount it aroused a tempest of indignation.

Glenfount was a country-seat on the banks of the Hudson, two miles above the landing at R——, and nearly opposite the wooded hills that environ the romantic town of D——. Its grounds, in the form of a jutting promontory, were an object of particular interest to travelers, not only for their sylvan loveliness, inclosing one of the most stately of river-side mansions, but for a certain nondescript ruin, somewhat resembling a desolated chapel, which turreted the rocky point.

The mistress of Glenfount, recently returned from a long sojourn in Europe, was a rich and handsome widow, the mother of three beautiful daughters. She received this out-of-date *Courier*, duly directed to "Mrs. Estelle," and accompanied by an explanatory letter, in the afternoon twilight of one of the loveliest days in late August.

The young ladies had but a few minutes before left the dining-room, and were sauntering past its long open windows upon the riverward piazza, at this hour a perfect bower of fragrance from dew-drenched honeysuckles and balsams, when they were recalled peremptorily by the agitated voice of their mother.

"Henrietta — Madeline — Ninon! my poor children, listen to this, will you?" gasped the excited little lady, whom they found nervously pacing the apartment, with the newspaper indignantly brandished in one hand and the open letter shaking ominously in the other.

"Read it aloud, Mademoiselle Nora," she cried to the governess, who, having put her eyes out over an embroidery frame in the corner, now came blinkingly forward—"both this and the letter, if you please, for I can not." Whereupon she sank into a chair and buried her face in her handkerchief.

The three daughters rushed to her side, but she motioned them away, and the governess proceeded, with a tolerably correct accent, to divulge the cause of grief.

"I do not believe a word of it," said Madeline, decidedly, when the reading was finished.

"Nor I," echoed Henrietta.

"And nothing in the wide world can ever make me believe one syllable of such a miserable falsehood," emphatically declared Ninon.

"Mademoiselle Nora," said Mrs. Estelle, "take Nanetta to the nursery."

This command was obeyed with the serious politeness that the tragical spirit of the occasion seemed to demand. But no deference of manner could conceal its comic aspect.

For Nanetta or Ninon, as pet names called her, was a much grander personage than the authoritative lady whose right to command she filially respected, and the very last person one would imagine could be treated like a baby. She had even the appearance of being the elder of the sisters, and was some two inches taller than that prototype of accomplished womanhood, the Venus de Medici.

To be sure, she wore short dresses, hardly at that time in vogue for grown girls, and her hair was braided à la Suisse, after the manner of school-girls, and she was further rendered juvenile by a muslin apron with pockets. But these childish garnitures could not make Miss Annetta Estelle look any thing less than a superb young woman, with a figure richly curved like a Hebe, a classical face, and a queenly carriage.

To retard this exuberant self-assertion—to "keep Ninon down," as her sympathetic sisters expressed it—was one of the chief concerns of Mrs. Estelle's existence.

She had suffered too deeply from the premature marriage engagements of her two eldest daughters, unexceptional as in either case was the "parti," to be willing to lose Ninon.

She saw rapidly vanishing the delightful salons of her town-house and the brilliant fêtes at Glenfount, whose successive seasons of graceful entertainments she had anticipated in the chaperonage of her three charming girls, so carefully educated; for now Henrietta was to be married in October, Madeline after Christmas—and could she be too careful of Ninon?

Indeed no! She never looked at the child without a pang of anxiety, never saw her in some passing excitement warm into climax of beauty but with a presaging shudder, and never introduced her to a friend without pathetically sighing, "My daughter Annetta, the last of the three!"

This expression, of whose frequency maternal fondness rendered Mrs. Estelle unconscious, had been caught up by visitors, and had attached itself to Ninon as a sobriquet. Particularly was it patronized by those aspiring youths of the village who, owing to the exclusiveness of Glenfount, had never had the pleasure of personally hearing it; and it was this expression that, repeated by one of a group of young men lounging at the close of a rainy Saturday in the portico of the R—— hotel, caught the attention of Frank Alton.

He had been standing apart, leaning against a column, with that air of abstraction which, whenever it shadowed his handsome face, gave him the look of an artist or a poet rather than of the active and matter-of-fact business man that he really was. He now approached the group with some expression of interest.

"Who is this girl," he asked, "of whom you speak?"

"It is the same young lady, very handsome," answered Gustav Michel, a voluble little Frenchman, the Beau Brummel of the village, "with whom you were fall-in-love yesterday, when you became so smitten—on horseback—as I saw you. It is Mees Estelle, of Glenfount."

"A noble-looking girl," said Frank Alton. "I should like an introduction to her."

"Why don't you get one?" asked his companions.

"So I will," replied Frank. "I had not thought of it till now."

"Meester Alton," said Michel, "perhaps, if you enjoy, like me, letters from the first best houses in New York, you will be so fortunate—as I was not—to get the introduction."

"Have you letters?" asked the veteran of the party.

"Unfortunately, no," replied Frank, who was an accidental visitor at R——.

"Then you succeed never," said the Frenchman. "'Tees impossible. I wager what you will, Meester Alton, that you not succeed."

"Impossible without letters," they all agreed.

"Impossible," repeated Frank, meditatively. "Then I must have an introduction, and quickly too, for next week I am off."

"You can't do it," was the general reply; and after some further banter they offered to wager five hundred dollars, and hold it good till that day week, that he could not get the introduction.

"I take the wager," said Frank Alton.

So the matter stood on the memorable 29th of July. In the afternoon Annetta Estelle, who had been lazily considering whether to write letters like her sisters or to take a "drive with mamma," was attracted by noisy demonstrations, unusual in their quiet water front, from the day boat.

Something had certainly happened; and she flew to the observatory, her sisters following, where, with her eye at the glass, she assisted their straining sight by enlightening interjections:

"All the people are on deck! The cabin must have caught fire! Yes, I see some smoke. They are sending a boat to land for help. No! They are looking at something in the water. I see it now. A black thing bobbing up and down. It is a man! The boat flies after him; he is swimming away from it for dear life. Can he be trying to escape? No, for the boat stops. Can't you see him now, Henrietta?—across the summer-house, just beyond the willow? Why, where is he? I have lost him. Oh, he has sunk! The boat starts again—yes, he has sunk! He will drown before they reach him!"

Without waiting for further observation, and any boat on the shore being invisible from that outlook, the three girls hastened down stairs to dispatch the steward and gardener and whoever they could find to save the poor man who was drowning. Mrs. Estelle, too, sent her own maid, as fast as feet could carry her, with a bottle of wine and blankets.

Meanwhile the drenched fellow on the shore was in a fainting condition, and a messenger had been hurried to Glenfount for assistance, when its convoy of mercy was encountered on the lawn, with a cordial offer of hospitality that no time was lost in accepting.

"How handsome he is!" said the irrepressible Annetta, who, having been banished to the upper hall by the never-failing instinct of her mother, now leaned as far as possible out of the window. "Look, my good Nora, they are bringing him up the steps: what a lovely white forehead and dark curls! Good Heavens! why can not I go down and see whether he is dead or not, like my sisters? Go half-way down the stairs, kind Nora, and tell me what they are doing."

"They have laid him on the sofa, mademoiselle," whispered the governess across the baluster. "He is very pale, but he has come to, and is speaking to your mamma. Now he seems to be faint again; they are giving him some wine. Oh, he is very alive, my dear. You need not be frightened. Come and sit down, mademoiselle. You have turned white about the lips, and you tremble."

"You know," said Annetta, obeying, and leaning her head back languidly, "I saw the poor man sink, and it alarmed me very much—I did not know how much at the time. Please, good Nora, go again, and see what they are doing now."

"He is much better," Mademoiselle Nora brought word; "he is sitting up, and desires, I think, to return home, for madame has ordered the carriage."

"I shall see him when he gets into the carriage," said Annetta, who accordingly stationed herself at the window as soon as she heard the wheels.

He was accompanied by one of the strangers who had come with him from the shore, and Mrs. Estelle hovered compassionately near, saying at the door of the clarence, in her most gracious manner, "I shall send to-morrow to learn how you are, and we shall expect you on Saturday."

"Mamma," said Madeline that evening, "I think I recognize your protégé. Indeed, I am quite sure that he is the young organist who played in Mr. Weimar's place at church last Sunday. I observed him after service when I took the music-book to the gallery. You had spoken of his sympathetic touch, mamma."

"Can it be possible," exclaimed Mrs. Estelle, "that this singular incident brings the fulfillment of my wish? I had not mentioned it to you, my dears, but of all things, I had been wishing for an organist, and would have sent for Mr. Weimar had his playing pleased me, for I felt that your dear papa's 'caprice' must be no longer neglected. We should have music occasionally in 'the Ruin;' and now, as if in approval of my thought, fortune has sent me this young organist—washed him up, as one might say, to our very doors."

Accordingly, when the young man came on Saturday to express his gratitude, Mrs. Estelle lost no time in conducting him across the lawn to the fanciful structure which in Mr. Estelle's lifetime had been the favorite resort of his leisure, and she had the pleasure of awakening a sympathetic ardor in the idea of reviving the music of the long-silent tower.

Moonlight nights were just perfecting, and she planned a fête which should close the season at Glenfount with a brilliant pageantry. She considered the young organist, who willingly placed his services at her command for the few remaining days of his stay in R——, a valuable acquisition for the entertainment. The result was that he spent nearly half his time at Glenfount.

Meanwhile Annetta had said to her governess, confidingly, "If my sisters' lovers were half as engaging, with a manner at once spirited and gentle, as this favorite of mamma's, I could not blame them for being engaged."

And meanwhile Frank Alton spent feverish days and restless nights.

The day before the fête Mrs. Estelle had gone across the river to D—— to make a few purchases, taking Henrietta with her. Madeline and Annetta were to spend the afternoon at a neighboring country-seat, but at the last moment Annetta persuaded her sister to go alone; and being in a mood for solitude, she took a book and went down the lawn to "the Ruin" at Rocky Point.

She seated herself under the tent-like canopy which had been arched from the organ-loft, and instead of reading, idly recalled one after another the delicious Italian airs which had been that morning in rehearsal for the fête. How long, she wondered, would this spell of strange music last? A morning or two more of the "practice," an evening or two more of the "serenade," and then she should see the young organist no more. And why should she care?

The only answer that could be given to this question was given by Frank Alton himself. He too had felt a mood for solitude, and had wandered far up the shore. Returning, he caught a glimpse of Annetta "musing in a bower," and in another moment he was at her side.

It was the first time they had been alone, and it seemed to them both more like a dream than true.

"And there is something that I must say to you," faltered Frank, in parting; "not, indeed, what I *would* say, but something painful that you soon must know, and I would rather it reached you from my own lips."

Annetta, in whose downcast eyes and kindled cheek his ardent glance had read so much, now turned suddenly pale.

"Nothing painful to-day," she said; "I will listen to nothing painful to-day."

"Then grant me," pleaded Frank, "one parting request—or, rather, grant me two: give me the little red rose you wear at your belt, and let me keep it with a trust that you will not, let whatever may happen, consider me quite unworthy to possess it until you have granted me, yourself, a chance to prove what claims I have to ask the gift."

On the evening when Mrs. Estelle received the 1st of August *Courier* Frank Alton was to make his farewell call. It was the event for which he had prepared himself. He intended to recount to Mrs. Estelle the whole story; first, of his admiration for Annetta, and the bold and as he now felt, inexcusable act which had been its consequence; and then his *love* for her, which had grown day after day, and which he felt was destined to rule his life, as only one love may; and lastly, he would place before her letters from his home in Baltimore attesting amply to his good name, the dignity of his family, his sufficient fortune, and proclaim himself formally a suitor for her daughter's hand.

As he entered the gate a cold premonition struck him, and when he was ushered into Mrs. Estelle's presence he was as pale as when—to use her own expression—he had been "washed up to her very doors."

Heavily, however, as he dreaded the interview, its realization exceeded his fears. No apology was allowed, not one of his letters would be read.

"The letter that I hold in my hand is sufficient," said the deeply angered lady. "You have imposed upon the hospitality of Glenfount; you have associated my daughter's name with a vulgar wager; you have deceived me, Sir; and I advise you, when you leave my house, to leave also the hitherto respectable town of R——."

The Estelles went early to their town-house, and Henrietta was married in October. A gay season followed until Madeline's wedding, after Christmas; and then, willing to remove Annetta from scenes where she already attracted far too much attention for "a school-girl," Mrs. Estelle returned to Glenfount.

It was the coldest February on record. The river was frozen solidly, as if it never could melt; its shores glittered with crusted snow. The sleighing was glorious. One long smooth ice-road glided over the river's bed from R—— to Albany.

Annetta, who had never recovered from her "midsummer night's dream," but who had too much good sense and too much care for the happiness of others to lose herself in hopeless reverie, embraced with delight the exhilarating excitements of this winter scene.

Never had it been more brilliant than at the close of a cloudless Saturday, upon which Sunday dawned with an atmosphere like early summer.

Mrs. Estelle attended church at R——, but gave Ninon permission to go with her governess across the ice to D——.

They took with them a Newfoundland dog, and when after service they had started to return home Annetta noticed that he appeared to listen uncomfortably to some distant sound. On reaching the river, and striking into the ice-path along which he had a few hours before so happily bounded, he exhibited a panic of alarm, and pulled Annetta's dress until he tore it, as if beseeching them not to go on.

Annetta, too, said to her governess, "Do you not hear a strange, far-off, roaring sound?"

Even as she spoke it was growing louder and more near. They felt the ice beneath them shake.

"The river is breaking up," said Annetta, beneath her breath. The little governess trembled from head to foot with fear. They had already passed the narrow island which fronts the hills of D——, and were nearly at mid-channel when, looking back, they saw the ice had parted with a dark seam. The surface beneath them heaved and rocked. They called aloud for help, but not a creature was in sight.

Rapidly the ice-fields parted into blocks, and presently, seized by a flood, the whole mass, crushing and grinding, with a thundering sound swept down the stream.

When they reached a point opposite the landing at R—— the block on which they stood was in the mid-stream, and darted past the wharf like an arrow.

They were now approaching M——. "Some one," said Annetta, "will surely see us here, and will devise some way to save us. Keep up your courage, dear Nora."

In the long avenue that threads the river-side above M—— they could see carriages moving. People were coming home from church. The little party on the ice very soon attracted attention, the carriages stopped, and their inmates rushed to the shore. The current fortunately drove them toward the bank, and their ice raft lodged against a mass of huge blocks. Between them and the shore was a chaos of broken ice. On the other side surged the roaring flood.

The people on the shore shouted to them to leap from the block, and two men sprang from ridge to ridge of ice toward them. Annetta roused her companion to follow their example.

"Come, Nora, come! We have but to leap across the blocks before the tide catches us, and we are safe."

The crouching figures were now erect and active, and Bruno anticipated every step, turning toward them with a wild bark at every leap, as if to urge them on. People on the shore watched them with breathless interest, and the two men reached them just as the flood came and swept away all beyond.

Imagine the emotion of Annetta, when she felt herself lifted, with a cry of rapture, into the strong arms which now bore her safely to land, to see that the vision which had inspired her in the moment of great danger was not the phantasy of a bewildered brain, but veritably Frank Alton.

In a few moments more they were on terra firma. Many of the people from the carriages Annetta knew; among them a dear old friend, Mrs. Deering, who cried for joy when she embraced Annetta. It was with Mrs. Deering and her son Walter that Frank Alton had been driving.

So anxious was Annetta to fly at once home to her mother that she could hardly be persuaded to go first to M—— with the Deerings. But the poor little governess required care; indeed, after all the kindest refreshments that could be thought of, Annetta was forced to leave her at M——. Then Mrs. Deering prepared to accompany Annetta, who found herself warmly wrapped in the carriage, at her kind friend's side, with Frank Alton opposite.

Meanwhile Mrs. Estelle was in an agony of fright. She had returned from church to find the river swollen to the fury of a freshet. There was no reaching D—— that night. She sent messengers along the shore, up and down the river. She ordered every station to be telegraphed at once. When there was no more to be done her anguish became intolerable. In the midst of this grief, that aroused every impulse of a mother's affection, Annetta came, and with her Frank Alton.

What could she say? If the Hudson River had broken up to bring these children together, could her word be of any use? The whole affair struck her superstitiously. She no longer refused to read Frank's letters; she listened to the eloquence of his pleading words. She not only forgave him, but she accepted him as Annetta's lover. After two years of the most delightful courtship—such courtship as even the romantic Hudson, with all its thronging associations, not often knows—Frank Alton and Annetta Estelle were married.

And, reader, if you chance to pass fair R——, on the Hudson, some moonlight night in summer, look out for the promontory's point upon whose rocky ledge stands a quaint ruin. More likely than not you will see it faintly lighted, and a strain of music will reach you across the wave; for although Frank Alton has been several years married, and his wife looks quite matronly, with little children around her, he has not forgotten how to play occasionally Italian love airs to Annetta.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

In his address before the Mathematical and Physical Section of the Brighton meeting of the British Association Mr. De La Rue considers the most important advancement in astronomical knowledge to be connected with the observations of Dr. Huggins upon the proper motions of the stars, and the questions associated with the phenomena of the comets. He also refers, as very noteworthy, to the relationships established between the solar spots and the planetary configuration, terrestrial magnetism and auroral pheuomena. He remarks that the connection between the amount of heat proceeding from the sun and the prevalence of spots has been established by the researches of Piazzi Smyth, Stone, and Abbe, and that, from the researches of Mr. Meldrum, there appears to be a periodicity of cyclones in the Indian Ocean corresponding to the sun-spot periodicity. The periodic changes of Jupiter's appearance seem also to be related to the changes of the sun-spots, all tending to show the importance of a critical study of this feature of the sun's disk. For this reason Mr. De La Rue urges very strongly the multiplication of photographic and spectroscopic observations of the sun, and anticipates, as the result, a much more thorough appreciation of the relationships between the great luminary and its attendant satellites.

The astronomical operations of Lieutenant Wheeler's expedition are progressing favorably, although much delay has been experienced in ascertaining the latitude and longitude of Beaver, Utah, in consequence of continued rains and cloud—a remarkable phenomenon, that region being one in which such conditions of climate do not often prevail in the summer season.

As we have already informed our readers, the astronomical work is carried on in two main lines, one east and the other west of a central line running north and south through Utah Territory. It was expected that these lines would converge on Beaver, Utah, soon after the middle of September; after which they were again to separate and move southward as far as St. George, near the northern line of Arizona, whence the parties expected to return to Salt Lake City, taking a new line of march.

After the latitude and longitude of Beaver have been satisfactorily determined, the astronomical party at that station were to proceed to Cheyenne and determine its elements; and then, if the season permit, to make two other stations on the Union Pacific Railroad, probably at the crossing of Green River and at Ogden. Another party is to be occupied at the same time in determining the latitude and longitude of Pioche in Nevada, and Gunnison, Utah. Both these parties act in connection with a permanent establishment at the Mormon observatory, Salt Lake City.

The central station at Salt Lake City is under the charge of Mr. E. P. Austin, Mr. John H. Clark has that at Beaver and Cheyenne, and the Pioche station will be under the care of Mr. Marryatt. The natural history work of the expedition is under the charge of the surgeon, Dr. H. C. Yarrow, assisted by Mr. Henshaw, while the ethnological division is under the special care of Mr. Severance.

The members of the Livingstone Search and Relief Committee, which had for its object the securing of funds and the institution of measures for the discovery of Dr. Livingstone, lately made a report to the Royal Geographical Society of London. In this it was remarked that the party which left England on the 9th of February reached Zanzibar on the 17th of March, and that after completing their preparations and securing their escort and goods for their own and Dr. Livingstone's purposes, they crossed to Bagamoyo, on the main-land, on the 27th of April. The very day after three messengers, sent in advance by Mr. Stanley, arrived and announced that that gentleman had found Dr. Livingstone. Lieutenant Dawson, on the 3d of May, called a meeting of the members of the expedition, and stated that as the objects of the search expedition had been accomplished, it only remained to send supplies to the doctor. He then resigned his command into the hands of Lieutenant Henn, who agreed to lead the relief caravan to Unyanyembe. On the 7th of May Mr. Stanley himself arrived at Bagamoyo, and informed Lieutenant Henn, then in command, that Dr. Livingstone had ample supplies. The command of the expedition was then turned over to Mr. W. O. Livingstone, son of the doctor, who proposed to accompany it with a portion of the stores, the remainder being sold at auction in Zanzibar. Goods and money to the amount of nearly two thousand dollars were thus supplied from the fund. Ultimately Mr. Livingstone concluded that, in view of the severity of the season, it would be inexpedient for him to start through the country, and he returned to Zanzibar, the supplies themselves destined for the doctor being sent off with the party organized by Mr. Stanley for the purpose.

According to the San Francisco *Bulletin* Professor Davidson, of the Coast Survey, has been experimenting near Summit Station, on the Sierra Nevada, at an elevation of 7200 feet above the sea, to determine the relative importance of great and small altitudes in the use of the telescope for investigations in physical astronomy. It is stated that he will recommend a location about 10,000 feet above the level of the sea, near the line of the Central Pacific Railroad, to be reached by a short wagon-road. Similar investigations have been in progress by Professor Young, of Dartmouth College, at Sherman, the highest summit on the Union Pacific Railroad, at an elevation of 8242 feet. It is understood that these investigations, under the direction of the Coast Survey, have reference especially to the question of the propriety of establishing an observatory, in which is to be placed a great 26-inch refracting telescope, lately ordered by the United States government from Messrs. Alvan Clark & Co., of Cambridgeport, Massachusetts. An instrument of this size, near the sea-level on the Atlantic coast, would scarcely be serviceable for the greater part of the year; while in the Sierra Nevada, with its freedom from clouds and brilliantly clear sky, opportunities for observation would be furnished almost continuously.

In this connection we may remark that Mr. Leander J. M'Cormick, of Chicago, has also ordered of Messrs. Alvan Clark & Co. a telescope of 26-inch aperture, the exact duplicate of the one now being constructed for the United States government. It is stated that Mr. M'Cormick's order having been given first, his instrument will be first completed, and that, when ready for use, it will be presented to the Washington and Lee College, of Lexington, Virginia. Mr. M'Cormick also proposes, in addition to this telescope, to present a transit and other instruments required for the furnishing of a first-class astronomical observatory.

These two instruments will then be the largest in the world; the next in size being one in London, 22 inches; one in Chicago, 18¼ inches; and one of 15 inches at Cambridge.

After a careful investigation of various localities in California, Mr. Livingston Stone, in behalf of the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries, has finally decided upon a site for collecting salmon eggs for stocking the rivers and lakes of the Eastern States. This is in Shasta County, California, on the M'Cloud River, about three miles from its discharge into Pitt River, a tributary of the Sacramento. It is 185 miles from Sacramento City, and 320 from San Francisco, and on the line of the California and Oregon stage-road, about eighteen miles from Reading, California. The California and Oregon railway will be completed to Reading by the time the eggs are in a state for shipment to the East, which will add greatly to the certainty of their transportation in good condition. There is no settlement within ten miles, with the exception of a stage station. The neighborhood is exceedingly wild and picturesque, with abundance of game, and thickly peopled by Indians.

The M'Cloud River is said by Mr. Stone to abound in salmon, weighing, on an average, twenty pounds. They may be seen, from elevated points, in great numbers continually jumping in the water. The shores are lined with the rancherias of the Digger Indians, who live on the salmon, which they spear by hundreds. Owing to the warmth of the water of the Sacramento River, the salmon spawn much earlier than on the Atlantic coast; and it is anticipated that the eggs which Mr. Stone is now collecting will be ready for distribution before the middle of November.

Mr. Stone reports, contrary to the prevailing opinion, that these salmon take the fly readily, and may be easily caught with a bait of salmon roe. This disposes effectually of the objection to the introduction of the California salmon into Eastern waters, in view of its supposed inferiority to the common salmon in furnishing sport to the angler.

Dr. Brown-Sequard, the eminent physiologist, has resigned the chair of Comparative and Experimental Pathology in the Faculty of Medicine in Paris, which he has occupied for several years. It is understood that this is preliminary to establishing his permanent residence in Boston.

The International Congress of Anthropology and Prehistoric Archæology met at Brussels on the 22d of August, with an attendance of six hundred men of science from various parts of the world. The sessions were held in the Ducal Palace, under the presidency of M. D'Omalius d'Halloy, the eminent Belgian geologist, and probably the dean of living naturalists, as he has nearly attained his ninetieth year.

The principal objects discussed at the meeting were those connected with the archæology and prehistoric antiquities of Belgium. The vice-presidents for other countries were M. Virchow, for Germany; M. De Quatrefages, for France; Mr. A. W. Franks, of the Christie collection of the British Museum, for England; M. Nilsson, for Sweden; M. Steenstrup, for Denmark; and M. Conestabile, for Italy. We regret that there was no one there to represent America in this connection. In addition to the papers laid before the meeting, various excursions took place for the purpose of examining the prehistoric remains in the vicinity of Brussels. Before closing the meeting it was decided to hold sessions hereafter biennially instead of annually.

The position in the Bureau of Longitudes of France, rendered vacant by the death of M. Laugier, has been filled through the election of M. Loewy, by the French Academy of Sciences.

Les Mondes announces the death of the well-known French naturalist, M. Lespès, at the age of forty-six, in July last, at Marseilles. Numerous articles published by him in the *Annales des Sciences Naturelles* and in D'Orbigny's *Dictionnaire d'Histoire Naturelle* attest the zeal with which he prosecuted his favorite study. An article upon the organization and manners of the *Tenuites lucifuga* is also due to his pen.

Professor C. H. F. Peters, in a letter dated August 17, announces to the *American Journal of Science* the discovery, on the night of July 31, of two planets, constituting the 122d and 123d of the group of asteroids. They are of about the twelfth magnitude, and have as yet received no names.

The position of assistant keeper in the Zoological Department of the British Museum, rendered vacant by the death of Mr. George R. Gray, has been filled by the appointment of Dr. Alfred Günther, the well-known herpetologist and icthyologist of the Museum. The vacancy caused by Dr. Günther's promotion will be occupied by Mr. R. B. Sharpe, at present librarian to the Zoological Society. This gentleman is an accomplished ornithologist, and will doubtless discharge the duties of his position with entire satisfaction. Of his abilities we have ample testimony in the great work upon the birds of Europe, upon which he is engaged, in connection with Mr. Dresser, and in his monograph of the *Alcedinidæ*, etc.

The Light-house Board reports that there are now five hundred and seventy-three light-houses along the coast and shores of the United States, and twenty-two light-ships. Estimates have been made for new first-order sea-coast lights at Cape Elizabeth, Maine; and Monomoy Point, Massachusetts; for two steam fog-signals at Cape Cod, one at the Highlands, and one at Race Point; for light-houses for signals at the mouth of Massachusetts Bay; for a steam fog-signal at New London, Connecticut; and for a light-house foundation on Southwest Ledge, New Haven Harbor.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Whether it is a duty more definitely belonging to the "sphere" of woman than of man to beautify the home we will not pretend to decide, since, in these days, the "sphere of woman" is a topic of so much discussion and disagreement. But we confidently believe that the majority of our lady readers have such love for the beautiful in nature and in art, and such reliance upon the influence of refined taste in the family, that they take a genuine pleasure in those nameless little adornments which make the home cheerful, bright, beautiful. Just now we are not thinking of costly paintings and engravings, or rare and curious ornaments, though all these, tastefully arranged, are most pleasing additions to the rooms in which we live; but these October days remind us of a simple method whereby the family rooms may be brightened up for the prospective winter. Some of our readers have no need of any suggestion from us; for weeks they have been watching the forest leaves changing to red and golden hues; they have gathered the choicest, and carefully pressed them. Ferns and grasses have been plucked, and the collection is varied and beautiful, yet they will not regard it complete until the "melancholy days" have come—October days are certainly not such: then they will fill their vases with sand, and arrange the bright-hued leaves in tasteful bouquets. All winter long they will give a cheery look to the parlor, the dining-room, the library. Mosses and ferns have also been taken from their native soil and transferred to the simple fernery, which, in some snug corner, will preserve its luxuriance through wintry months. A fernery is scarcely any trouble to its owner. It may be as simple as one pleases. A box with glass sides and cover is all that is necessary, and then, when stocked with plants, it will take care of itself if it is watered once in a week or two. City residents lack the opportunities of those living in the country for preparing winter bouquets; but October will doubtless see many interested gatherers of the brilliant autumn leaves.

Madame Lucca has been the recipient of many valuable gifts from the nobility of Europe as testimonials of her personal and artistic worth. On leaving Ischl, a celebrated Bavarian watering-place, where she had given a concert for the benefit of the poor, a packet was placed in Madame Lucca's hands, which contained a magnificent bouquet of diamonds, a gift from the Princess Trubetzkoi, who had been present at the concert for the poor, and who had previously witnessed many of Lucca's triumphs at St. Petersburg and elsewhere. Similar *cadeaux* came from the imperial house of Hapsburg in recognition of the charitable act of Madame Lucca and of her artistic worth. The present of the kaiser was a diadem in brilliants, elaborately set in pure gold; that of the empress was a pair of pearl ear-rings of great value, also set in gold—the smaller pearls being in the shape of an apple, the larger pearls (the pendants) in the shape of pears. On leaving Berlin, on the way for the United States, shortly afterward, the Emperor of Germany presented Madame Lucca with a pair of ear-rings formed of gigantic pearls, oyster-shaped, and studded with brilliants of the purest water. The empress gave her a splendid pearl necklace, all the pearls being Oriental.

The different ocean steamers may be recognized by the colors painted on the smoke funnels: the Cunard, red, with black top; National, white, with black top; Guion, black, with red ring; Inman, black, with white ring; White Star, white, with black ring; Anchor, black, as also the German lines. The funnels of the French line are similar to those of the Cunard.

On the 1st of next November a law will go into operation in England which promises to effectually overturn the system of "baby-farming" which has disgraced that country in past years. According to the law referred to, no person may retain for compensation two or more children less than a year old, for the purpose of keeping them apart from their parents more than twenty-four hours, unless such person shall be the holder of a license to undertake the charge of children. Such license will be granted only on the strength of a magistrate's, clergyman's, or physician's certificate that the applicant for it is of good character, and able to provide the children with sufficient and proper food and lodging, and that the house where the infants are to be kept is fit for the purpose. The most stringent precautions are taken against the possibility of causing the death of the child; and in case of death a rigid investigation will be made. Hence it will be dangerous to diet infants on opiates, as has been the custom by some of the wretches who are called "baby-farmers."

Every one to his liking in regard to pets—there is no accounting for tastes. At a recent meeting of the British Association, in Brighton, Sir John Lubbock exhibited a tame wasp which had been in his possession about three months, which he brought with him from the Pyrenees. The wasp was quite tame, though at first he was rather too ready with his sting. He ate sugar from his master's hand, allowed himself to be handled, and seemed to be healthy and happy.

Mr. H. W. Beecher gives some brief advice to those who write letters to busy people:

"1. Don't write at all.

"2. When you can't help it, be sharp, short, and legible.

"3. When you write on your own business, pay for the answer.

"4. When you want money, don't begin with piety or flattery. Beg first and be pious afterward.

"5. Don't beg of any one with whom you are not personally acquainted. Die, but don't beg."

The celebrated herd of short-horned cattle belonging to the Earl of Dunmore were recently sold in Scotland at extraordinary prices. Forty-eight heifers brought sixty thousand dollars. The lowest sum for which any one was sold was $225, and the highest was $7500.

France has been busy in some departments of literature: six thousand novels had been published in that country this year up to the 1st of August.

A copyright of one cent a copy on the sale of Noah Webster's spelling-book supported his family during the twenty or thirty years he devoted to his dictionary.

There is a great demand for neat, comfortable dwelling-houses for the poorer classes in London. The experiment is now being made of building a new town close to a railroad in the suburbs of London. It is to consist of 1200 workmen's houses, and each tenant may in time own a house, by paying, at stated times, a certain sum in addition to the rent.

A practice prevails in the French village of Thomery which may serve as a hint to those who desire to preserve grapes in their original freshness. The vine cultivators have long under-ground cellars, with shelves so arranged that bunches of grapes will lie on them without touching each other. Holes are bored through these shelves, and bottles of water introduced, and bunches of grapes, cut with long stems, have the stems inserted in the water. The fruit thus obtains water enough to supply the evaporation which would otherwise take place, and is kept as fresh as if hanging on the vine. Grapes are so very abundant this year that it might be worth while for some one who is fond both of grapes and of experiments to try the effect of this plan.

The *Overland Monthly* gives a little anecdote of Prince William, one of the highest chiefs in the Hawaiian kingdom, who is quick-witted, and as ready at repartee in English as in his native tongue. A few years ago the somewhat pompous and patronizing French minister at a royal reception turned toward Prince William and, having for the moment forgotten his name, yet wishing officially to recognize him, said, "And your name is—?" pausing for a reply. At once the prince—who did not care to be patronized—threw himself into a theatrical attitude, and with a capital rendering of his apt quotation, replied, "My name is Norval. On the Grampian hills my father feeds his flock; a frugal swain." Nobody could more thoroughly enjoy than did he the confusion of the courtly Frenchman, who knew too little of English literature to comprehend the force of the extract which so much amused the by-standers.

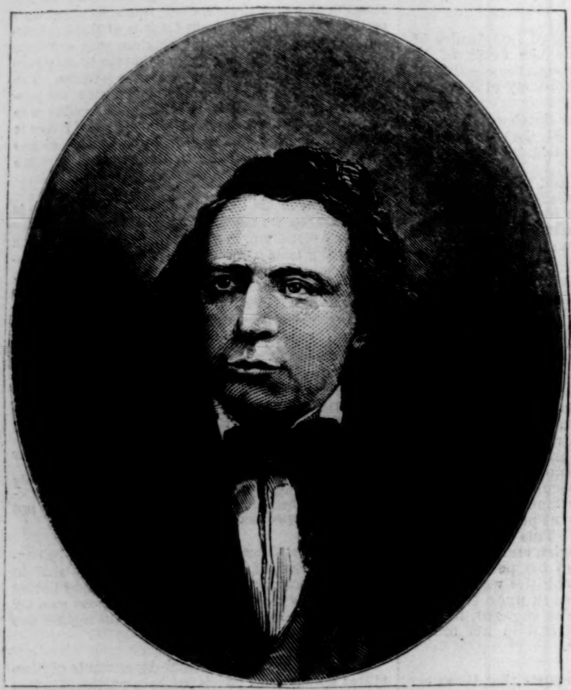
Cricket, which is peculiarly an English game, though becoming somewhat popular in this country, was played in England as early as the twelfth century. The first regular club was formed in Hampshire in 1750, since which time there has been no lack of interest in the game. There are now ten times as many clubs as existed thirty years ago.

All the houses on the Boulevards and in the new portions of Paris are required to be five stories high, and of uniform appearance. They are in their interior arrangements different from the houses of almost any other city, being constructed with the special view of accommodating a great number of families.

Marezzo marble is a new article lately introduced, which promises to be a valuable addition to ornamental substances used in the arts. This material is made to imitate the appearance of true marble very closely, and has already been applied extensively in decorative work, such as columns, cornices, and statuary.

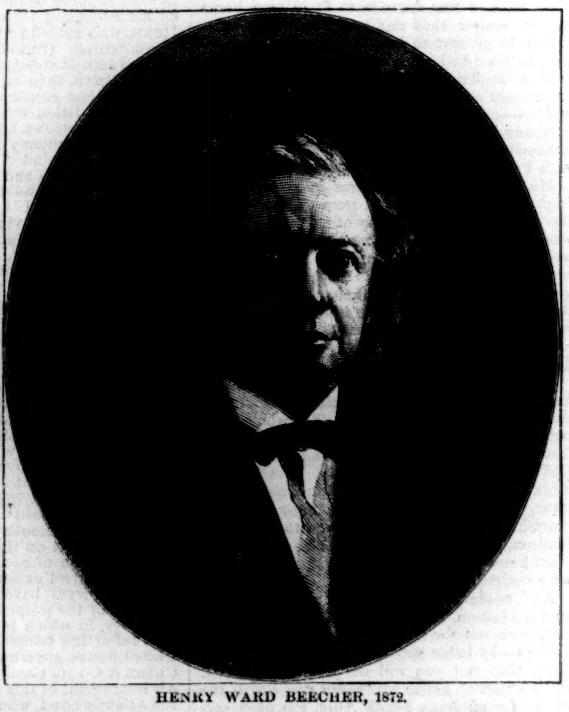
"Eighteen hundred and starved-to-death" was the grim name given by old New England farmers to the year 1816—the year without a summer. The winter months were unusually mild; the latter part of March and the first half of April were not unseasonable; but the weather grew colder as April advanced, and ended with snow and ice. In May ice formed half an inch thick; buds and fruit were frozen, corn killed, and the fields were replanted again and again. Never was there known such a June. Frost, ice, and snow were frequent. In Maine and Vermont snow fell to the depth of several inches—also in Massachusetts and the interior of New York. On the 5th of July ice was formed throughout New England, New York, and some parts of Pennsylvania. August was even more cheerless. With ice forming half an inch in thickness, Indian corn frozen, and almost every green thing destroyed, what wonder that the hearts of farmers were heavy, and a gloom spread through the whole country! In September there were two weeks of warm weather; then the season became cold, and in November there was good sleighing. Such, in brief, was the "cold summer of 1816," when the sun's rays seemed to be destitute of all heat.

THE PLYMOUTH CHURCH SILVER WEDDING.—[See Page 814.]

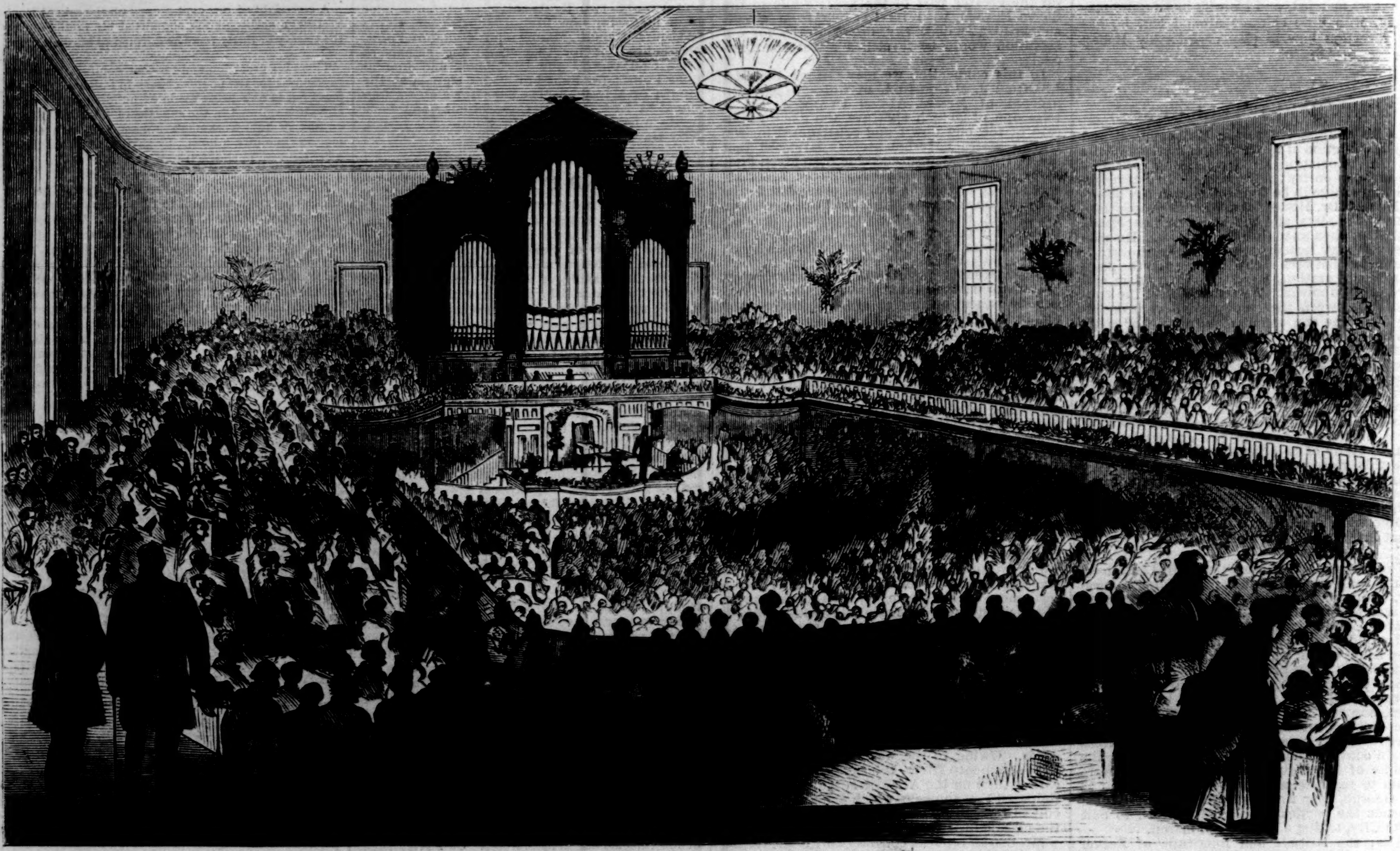


HENRY WARD BEECHER, TWENTY YEARS AGO.

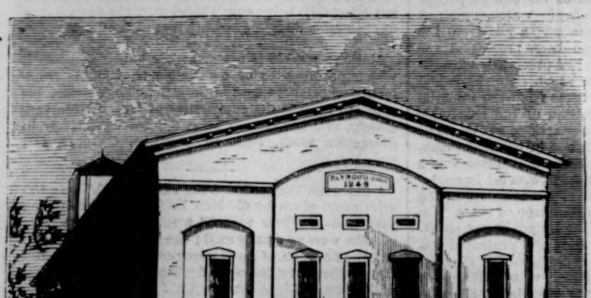
PLYMOUTH
BEECHER
SILVER
WEDDING
1872



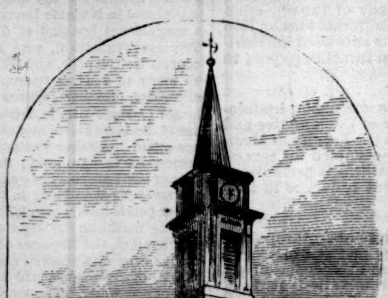
HENRY WARD BEECHER, 1872.



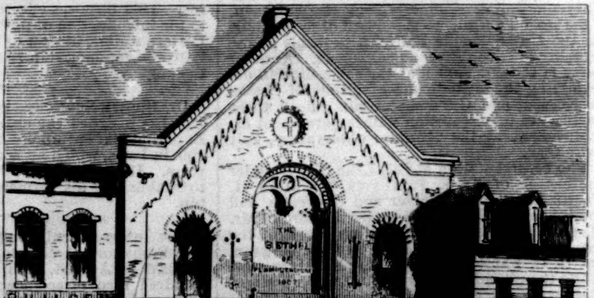
INTERIOR OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH—THE HISTORICAL MEETING.—[Sketched by Theo. R. Davis.]



PLYMOUTH CHURCH.



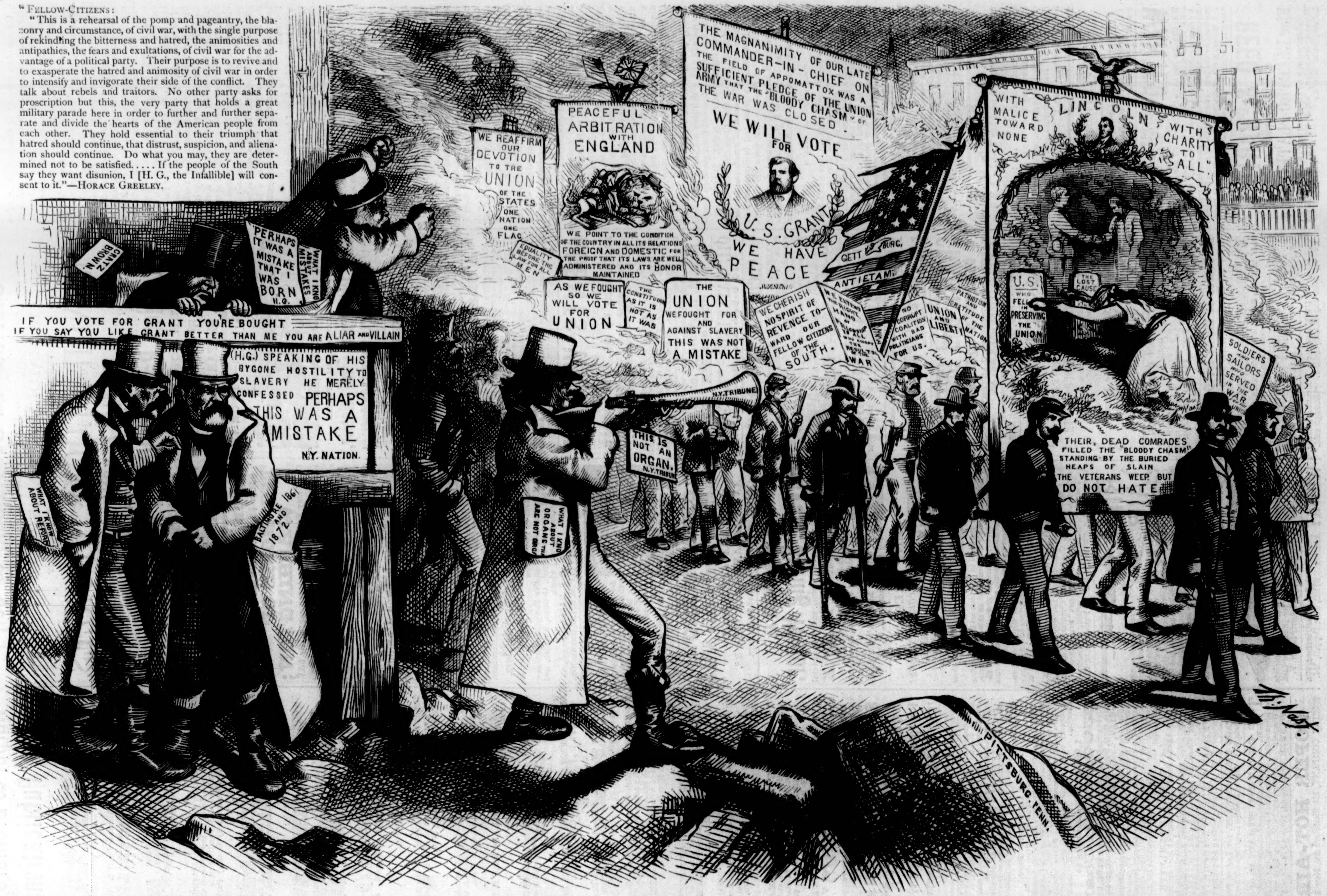
NAVY MISSION, JAY STREET.



THE PLYMOUTH BETHEL, HICKS STREET.

"Fellow-Citizens:

"This is a rehearsal of the pomp and pageantry, the blazonry and circumstance, of civil war, with the single purpose of rekindling the bitterness and hatred, the animosities and antipathies, the fears and exultations, of civil war for the advantage of a political party. Their purpose is to revive and to exasperate the hatred and animosity of civil war in order to intensify and invigorate their side of the conflict. They talk about rebels and traitors. No other party asks for proscription but this, the very party that holds a great military parade here in order to further and further separate and divide the hearts of the American people from each other. They hold essential to their triumph that hatred should continue, that distrust, suspicion, and alienation should continue. Do what you may, they are determined not to be satisfied..... If the people of the South say they want disunion, I [H. G., the Infallible] will consent to it."—Horace Greeley.


GRATZ BROWN.
PERHAPS IT WAS A MISTAKE THAT I WAS BORN H.G.
WHAT I KNO ABOUT MISTAKES
IF YOU VOTE FOR GRANT YOU'RE BOUGHT
IF YOU SAY YOU LIKE GRANT BETTER THAN ME YOU ARE A LIAR AND VILLAIN
(H.G.) SPEAKING OF HIS BYGONE HOSTILITY TO SLAVERY HE MERELY CONFESSED PERHAPS THIS WAS A MISTAKE N.Y. NATION.
WHAT I KNOW ABOUT REFORM
BALTIMORE 1861 AND 1872
WHAT I KNO ABOUT ORGANS THA ARE NOT ORG
N.Y. TRIBUNE
THIS IS NOT AN ORGAN. N.Y. TRIBUNE
WE REAFFIRM OUR DEVOTION TO THE UNION OF THE STATES ONE NATION ONE FLAG
EQUALITY BEFORE THE LAW FOR ALL MEN
PEACEFUL ARBITRATION WITH ENGLAND
WE POINT TO THE CONDITION OF THE COUNTRY IN ALL ITS RELATIONS FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FOR THE PROOF THAT ITS LAWS ARE WELL ADMINISTERED AND ITS HONOR MAINTAINED
THE MAGNANIMITY OF OUR LATE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF ON THE FIELD OF APPOMATTOX WAS A SUFFICIENT PLEDGE OF THE UNION ARMY THAT THE "BLOODY CHASM" OF THE WAR WAS CLOSED.
WE WILL VOTE FOR
U. S. GRANT
WE HAVE PEACE
AS WE FOUGHT SO WE WILL VOTE FOR UNION
THE CONSTITUTION AS IT IS NOT AS IT WAS
THE UNION WE FOUGHT FOR AND AGAINST SLAVERY THIS WAS NOT A MISTAKE
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ON the first Sunday in October, twenty-five years ago, a young man from the West preached his first sermon as pastor of Plymouth Church, in Brooklyn. Viewed in the light of the subsequent history of the pastor and the church, this was a memorable occasion. HENRY WARD BEECHER was then scarcely known beyond the limits of his own denomination; but there was the promise of greatness in him. Enthusiastic, eloquent, unconventional, and independent, he impressed his hearers with the feeling that he was born to inaugurate a new era in pulpit oratory. There were some who prophesied that he would not hold out. Some, who believe preaching and dull decorum to be synonymous, gave him "a year to run." His style might suit the West, they said, but would never take in the polite and elegant congregations of New York and Brooklyn. But as the months went by it was evident that the young man had taken a strong hold on the hearts of his hearers. His eloquence, his glowing enthusiasm, his broad, intense sympathies, his personal magnetism, his manly independence, attracted multitudes about his pulpit, and his name soon became familiar as a household word throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Plymouth Church and its pastor have grown up together, working hand in hand for all the good and worthy objects for which the Christian Church was instituted. If he has impressed his strong personalities upon his church and made it what it is, it must also be borne in mind that his church has never been backward in sustaining him. Entire unity and harmony bind them together. The festival by which the twenty-fifth anniversary of his settlement as pastor of the church has just been celebrated was not inappropriately called a "silver wedding."

On page 812 our readers will find a series of illustrations relating to this pleasant festival. The several portraits of Mr. BEECHER will be especially acceptable to those who are fond of tracing in the features the effect of intellectual and moral growth and development. They show a man whose mind has never stopped growing, and who still cherishes his youthful interest in all that concerns the intellectual and moral elevation of society. Among the other illustrations are given an exterior and an interior view of Plymouth Church, the plain but commodious edifice to which every Sunday a vast congregation is attracted to listen to his eloquent words. Our artist has also given views of the two important home missions started and sustained by Plymouth Church—the "Bethel Mission," in Hicks Street, and the "Navy Mission," in Jay Street, where thousands of the poor are supplied with religious instruction on the Sabbath, and with free reading-rooms during the week, to which every one is welcome. The amount of good which these missions have accomplished among the poor of the city can be appreciated only by those who have seen the reading-rooms crowded night after night by young and old, eagerly poring over the books, magazines, and newspapers with which they are amply provided. Many a young man is saved from gin-shop temptations by these attractive rooms. It is not saying too much to aver that these missions are the crowning work of Plymouth Church and its pastor. Not even his great and brilliant services in the cause of freedom, not even his magnificent oratorical triumph in England during our civil war, can be placed higher than these unobtrusive missions in their permanent influence for good.

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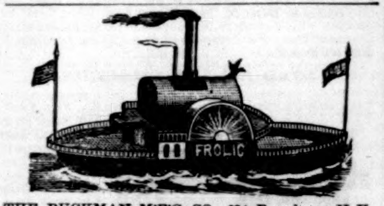

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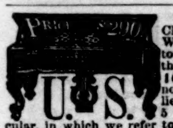

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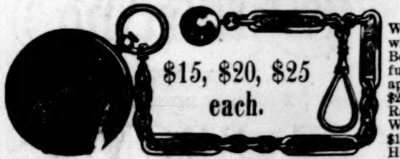
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Vol. V.

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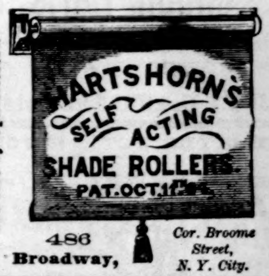

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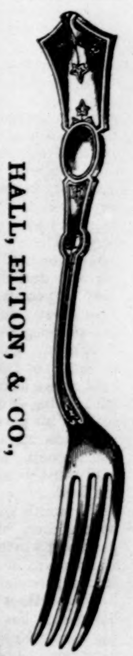

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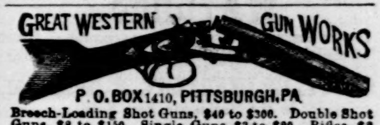
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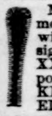

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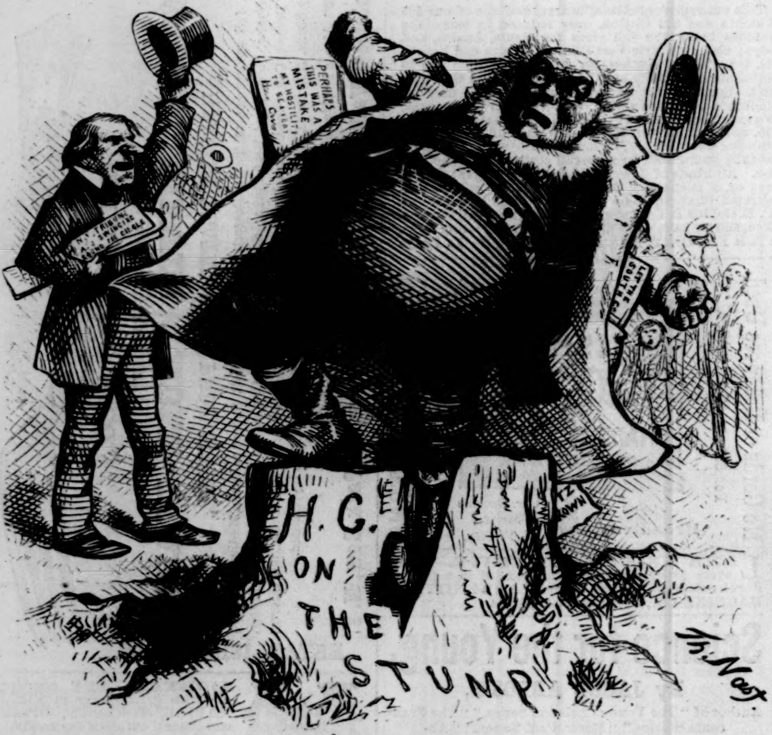
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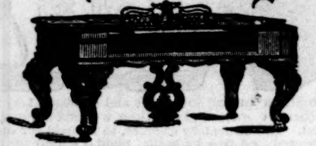
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Book the First.

A HARD STRUGGLE.

CHAPTER I.

PREPARING FOR A SURPRISE.

I WONDER if I came back to England any richer than I went away. I had left it in search of peace rather than of riches, and it was with no hope of fortune-making that I had turned my back upon home. I had left home to make one less—that was all. There were fifteen shillings and sixpence and a lock of Katie's hair in my possession when I said good-by; there were ten shillings and fourpence-half-penny and Kate's hair still to the good when I came back again.

Certainly I had grown no richer in a pecuniary sense of the word, but I do not mean that exactly. Riches I had not dreamed of when I went away as uncle's housekeeper and companion and general help at Pietermaritzburg; my uncle was a poor missionary trying to turn Zulus into zealots, and had never known in all his working life how to scrape ten pounds together that he could call his own. I was of use to him a little, and I earned enough to keep myself as teacher out there, and that was the extent of my ambition; but had I grown what my uncle would have called "richer in grace?"—richer even in patience and in that art of self-repression of which I understood so little in my first start outward? Heaven knows! I do not believe that I returned to London any poorer, and I think that there was a trifle more of that patience which I needed, and of that courage which it is just possible I never lacked. I came back four years older, perhaps four years staider—at least I thought that I was staider; but then what four calm, good years they had been in the Natal country, where there had been only the weather to keep my blood at fever-heat! Sometimes I think that those four years were the happiest of my life. If I rebelled secretly against their sweet peaceful monotony, not knowing what was best for me, I have repented of my youthful restlessness, and look back yearningly through tear-dimmed eyes at the little African settlement, and the gaunt old uncle whom every body loved, and whose home I left more lonely than I found it—for he had grown used to my ways, and was sorry to see the last of me.

We had had much conversation together about it, and it was his wish too that I should go. He considered not only that it was best for me, but that it was my duty to follow in every respect the paternal commands that I should once more take my place by my father's side and little Kate's. And in my heart I was ungrateful, and glad to leave Uncle Jef. He saw it, but he did not reprove me, or seem hurt. It was my natural craving for home; those whom I loved the best, and who, I hoped, loved me the best, were all in England.

That is why I left Pietermaritzburg and came to London, wondering if I were any richer than when I went away—wondering, too, whether they would see an improvement in me, and what improvement I should find in them after four years of separation. I did not know where father and Katie were living; my father in his last note had not supplied the information. His letter had been vague and wandering, as if a sudden chance of riches had bewildered him exceedingly. After telling me all about Kate, which Kate, in her school-girl's hand, had told me for herself, he said:

> "I don't know where I shall be when this letter reaches you, dear Faith, or what home I shall possess in which to welcome your return. It will certainly be a bigger and braver home than you anticipate, judging from that dark little den in Dorset Street, Blackfriars, where you would not stop any longer—and quite right too. I shall be easy to find, child; from nine A.M. to six P.M. I shall be at my post as principal cashier to the firm of Westmair and Son, Watling Street, City. All the facts when we meet; not now. Pray come at once; come straight to Westmair's, where you used to bring my dinner when I was only a poor book-keeper on an indifferent salary, and we will go forth to the new home together. I shall enjoy your astonishment at all that has changed my life since your absence. I shall have arranged every thing; the *coup de théâtre* will be complete by your arrival. You know, Faith, how fond I have always been of surprises, and this will indeed be a great surprise to you. COME AT ONCE."

Then followed a postscript more bewildering than his letter:

> "P.S.—Don't imagine that my lift at Westmair's has any thing to do with all that I have said. It is not that. I ought to have had the cashier's berth long ago—you are aware how I have been served by these people for whom my father wasted his life before me. Katie's love. I have given her strict injunctions not to mention business in any way, but the mail will probably bring you a letter from herself."

Of course it brought a letter that was as full of mysterious hints as my father's had been, despite my father's injunctions; and it spoke of new life and a big fortune, and begged me also to return immediately. Neither in my father's letter nor in Kate's had there been a thought for Uncle Jef's feelings, or how Uncle Jef would bear the idea of parting with me. In the excitement of my father and Katie's childish exultation, Jeffery Kirby had been completely overlooked. He was a little grave for a time, but he did not in any way comment upon the neglect.

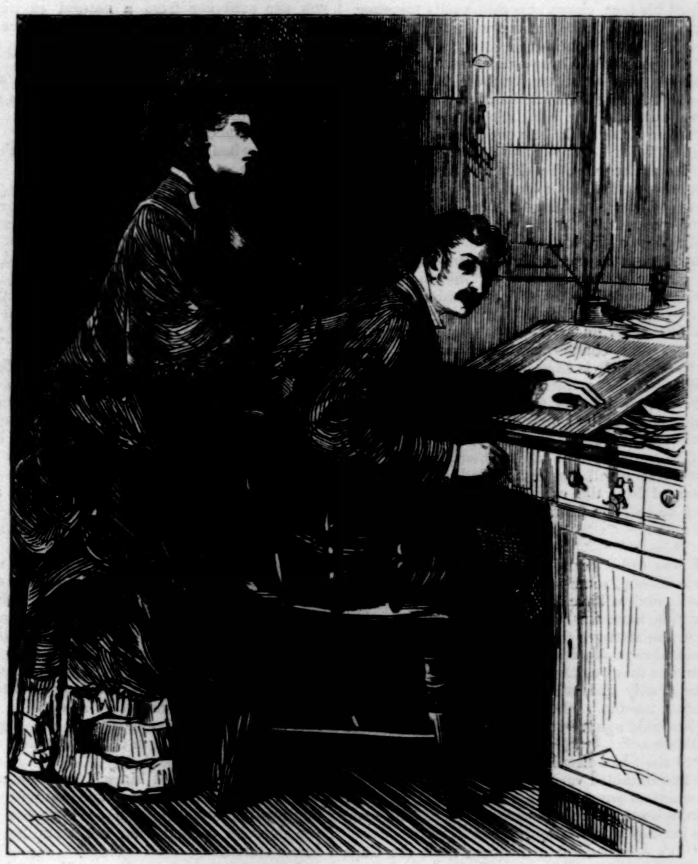
"Is it a dream?" I asked.

"If your father had not always been one of the most despondent men on the face of the earth, I should have been inclined to think so, Faith," my uncle replied.

"What shall I do?"

"Go, if my brother wishes it," was the answer. "I have no doubt it is for the best."

So I collected my savings together; there was not quite enough to pay my passage back, but uncle found a sovereign to lend me, and away I sailed one morning to take my share of the fortune that had come late in life to the Kirbys. I was sixteen when I left London for Natal. I had just passed my twentieth birthday when, one October afternoon, the steam-tug *Ariadne* towed the fast-sailing ship *The Clipper* down the river Thames toward the docks, whence I had started four years since on my apprenticeship to life. Having served out that apprenticeship, or my uncle having canceled my indentures, here I was back again like a bad shilling. And here began my life in earnest.



"I HAVE COME BACK, DEAR."

CHAPTER II.

I AM MORE SURPRISED THAN I BARGAINED FOR.

WATLING STREET is not the pleasantest of thoroughfares when the fog is thick in town and the hour is close on sunset. It was five o'clock by St. Paul's Cathedral, and the fog was thick enough to eat, when I was once more in the old narrow, grimy City street which runs parallel with frivolous Cheapside. It was not a fine day to return to the old life, and to feel as I went on slowly in the street's shadow, and in the thick mist of that dying afternoon, that here at least there had been no outward change. They might have been only four hours since I was last in London—indeed, there was no difference, save in the fog abroad that day, from the time when I was a little child, and carried father's dinner to the office, as he had reminded me in the last letter that he had written. He had been book-keeper then, taken in on charity when his own business had failed—purely out of charity, and with no consideration for the family services, my father had said, somewhat ungratefully. I could almost imagine that I, a long-limbed, bony girl of ten years of age, was once more stalking to the office with my basket of provisions for father, who liked his dinner sent him punctually, and sent hot and well cooked—two desiderata which, he affirmed, no eating-house in the neighborhood had been ever able to accomplish. But mother was living then, and he had believed that no one could do any thing so well as mother.

Yes, no difference in Watling Street. The houses were as gaunt and dull as ever, and only the lights were flickering in the windows of the warehouses a little while before their time. There were not many people about in the fog; the street was very quiet; a few people ran against me, and begged my pardon, as they or I slipped from the greasy pavement into the roadway. I could hear coughs of various degrees of bassness echoing from dusky interiors; there was a steam on all the windows, as if all the clerks had had their hot dinners brought them, and had taken off the covers simultaneously; there were shadows of humanity darting to and fro from the streets that opened right and left, and led to busier thoroughfares; there were two wagons blocking up the street, and their drivers arguing with each other as to right of precedence; and there was a dog which had lost itself, and was sniffing in and out of every open doorway.

Odd enough it was that I should have passed Westmair's office and gone on as far as Queen Street, for I knew the place thoroughly, and it had not changed much. It might have been the fog that led me astray—it was more likely to have been the crowd of old fancies and old hopes which came to me again, and that led me too far over the stones that I knew almost by heart.

"How foolish of me!" I soliloquized; and then I walked back to the office on the ground-floor, and read the name of Westmair and Son on the left-hand side of the door-post, and looked in upon a wilderness of packages and tin cans on narrow shelves, with one jet of gas burning in the shop by way of protest against the general murkiness of atmosphere, and not with any idea of illuminating the interior of the premises. They had never cared for much light in Westmair's office—chance customers were rare, and the office-keeper had little to do with people who came in from the street. Westmair's was all connection, correspondence, and commercial travelers' business. Looking at Westmair's from Watling Street was to set down the great house as not worth its salt. Strangers making a short-cut to the Mansion House, or whose offices were in broader thoroughfares, might have passed Westmair's all their lives without knowing it: it was a strip of a house even where houses ran in strips as a rule. This was only Westmair's London office—a place which was handy for the London folk, but not imperative for Westmair's to possess—a crotchet of the firm that had always had faith in City offices for any thing. Westmair's proper was ten miles from London, and the Westmair's oils and the Westmair's polish which had made the fortune of the family were kept and mixed in large quantities miles away from the shadow of St. Paul's. This was only a house of samples and orders and general correspondence.

I turned the handle of the half-glass door—had the glass been cleaned since I was there last?—and passed into the stuffy shop. All was very misty, scarcely to be accounted for by the fog which had come in with me from the street. Perhaps there were tears in my eyes at the prospect of meeting my father after four long years—at the thought of beginning life again with him from that very moment, as it were. I went cautiously toward the counting-house at the end of the shop; it went up three or four steps, and was shut from public gaze, when there was any representative of the public to gaze at it, by a second glass front, behind which was a wire blind, behind which was a lamp burning brightly, behind which was some one, with his back toward me, writing at a desk. My father in his new post of principal cashier, indubitably!

When I was in London last he had sat at a little desk below this window, with a gas jet above his premature grayness, and had blown verbal communications through a gutta-percha pipe into the office above him; but times had changed, and now there was a little bald man with a bent back to blow at my father instead.

I had not seen this last-named personage, and was proceeding boldly to the inner sanctum, when he piped out, "What's your business, young lady?" and focused me with two horn-rimmed spectacles. This old gentleman was the new clerk—the office and book keeper. I knew all about him at once. My father's rise had left a vacancy in the post which my grandfather had been the first of our family to fill, there had been no more Kirbys to the good, and hence an advertisement, and this worn-out, broken down man at eighty pounds a year! Westmair's never gave more than eighty pounds a year for their office-keeper—they called this little, dusky, ill-smelling shop an office—and possibly the situation was not worth more, for there had been hundreds always ready to jump at it. There had never seemed a great deal to do for the money—I had often caught my father dozing over the books, although it was his fixed idea that Westmair's worked him like a horse, and I believe this old man had been asleep before I had intruded on the premises.

He was alive to business very quickly—juniors in office are frequently the most energetic of the staff.

"What's your business, young lady?"

"Oh, if you please, don't speak so loudly," I said, gesticulating toward the counting-house; "I want to surprise him."

The office-keeper looked from me to the window over his head, and then back from the window to me, and glared. It was full a minute and a half before the idea seized him, and then he grinned from ear to ear, and turned me a little qualmish with three yellow tusks and a furry tongue, of which he made the most.

"Oh, you know Mr. ——."

"Of course I know him. I have come thousands of miles to see him, all the way from the Cape of Good Hope!"

The book-keeper, or office-keeper, looked somewhat amazed at this avowal, for he shut his mouth and glared at me again through his ugly spectacles.

"You can go up, then," he said, dipping his pen into the ink and flourishing it toward the counting-house, "if he expects you. Does he expect you?"

"To be sure he does."

"I shouldn't have thought it of him," he muttered; "in business hours, too—well!"

I did not stay to explain more fully my conduct to one who had evidently set me down for a very forward young woman. I was in a hurry to embrace my dear dad, and to hear him murmur forth, "My darling Faith—I am so glad that you have come back!" He would be glad of that, I was very sure. Man of many faults as he was, peevish, discontented, and eccentric, I had always thought that he had loved his girls in his way. My woolen dress did not betray me by any rustling as I ascended the steps, on the top of which my heart began beating nervously—I hardly knew for what reason. The dialogue beneath the counting-house window had not disturbed the studies of the cashier, who was very much bent again over his desk, as I pushed open the door and stole in. It was a small counting-house, with an iron safe on one side of the room that looked respectable and solid. How quickly Westmair's made money in their quiet way was evident by that big safe, and by the checks which had come by the last post, and which the cashier was examining and indorsing before locking up for the night, now that banking hours were over. I laid my hands upon his shoulders, and said:

"I have come back, dear, as you asked me—back for good! Don't be very much afraid, or very much scared, but take time to think that I am here, your little Faith!"

All this was said in a low whisper, for I knew that my father was nervous, and I wished to surprise him, not to frighten him. But before it was all said, or almost before—for I have a faint recollection of going on with a few more words, even after my discovery—I had become aware that my hands were not resting on my father's shoulders, which were round shoulders, and weak, and would have given way more, and that in lieu of the scanty gray-flecked hairs of Mr. Kirby there was rising up before me a curlier, darker, and more vigorous head of hair.

"Oh my!" I gasped forth; and then a sunburned face turned round as my hands dropped to my side, and my tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth. He was a young man of some four or five and twenty years of age before whom I was standing—a principal probably, a Westmair or a somebody of importance who had taken my father's post for a day or two. He was inclined to laugh at me and my embarrassment. I saw the curves of his mouth trying hard to keep themselves down, and a pair of big brown eyes seemed laughing already. I was ashamed of myself, until I grew hot and indignant and "fussy," and thought that he might have shown more consideration for one who had made so egregious a blunder. He rose from his chair at last.

"I beg your pardon," he said, seeing how grave I had become, "but I think this is the wrong office. You—you'll find it higher up the street, perhaps."

He was a trifle confused himself now, and gave an odd and impulsive scratch to his head, forcible but inelegant.

"No, it is not the wrong office; I have been very foolish; pray forgive my rudeness, Sir, but I only expected to find one person here—not you, certainly," I stammered forth.

"You have got in the wrong place, I think," was his reply, "unless—O Lord!—whose place do you want, may I inquire?"

"Mr. Westmair's."

"Oh!"

He ran his fingers through his hair again—taking two hands this time, and becoming thereby much fiercer in aspect—and then turned suddenly so pale that I thought he must be a very delicate young man.

"You are Mr. Westmair, I presume?" I said.

"My name is Westmair, certainly—not one of *the* Westmairs, but an offshoot—a family connection—a hanger-on—a—I hope you follow me—I hope you are—that is, that you are not—May I take the liberty of inquiring WHAT is your name?" he asked, with sudden energy and decision.

"My name is Kirby."

"Oh, I see!"

He sat down in the chair which he had half pushed toward me a few minutes since, and which I had not occupied, and dashed at his checks and papers with extraordinary interest, turning his back upon me and ignoring my presence altogether. It was very strange and startling, and I was beginning to think that all might not be well—that all might be very ill for me—as some of the papers fluttered to the floor without the gentleman taking heed of them. He had been surprised; he was now confused.

"My name is Kirby," I explained more fully, "and I have called at my father's request. It was his wish that I should come direct to the office."

"Oh, indeed—confound it!—was it, though?"

"Something has happened—he has left here?"

"Yes, he has left," said Mr. Westmair, slowly; "I'll tell you in a minute. You don't know any thing, then?"

"Not any thing, save that he was fortunate in life when he wrote last to me."

"When was that?"

"Some months ago he wrote to me at Pietermaritzburg. Oh, Sir, he has not met with an accident—he is not dead? You would not keep me in this suspense if he were dead, I am sure!"

"No, no; he is not dead, I am sorry to say—I mean I am glad to say. Pray sit down—pray compose yourself; I will tell you in a minute."

He had forgotten that he was occupying the only chair in the room, and that I was leaning for support against a wainscot partition, yearning for the news, the bad news, which I knew now was on its way toward me. What could have happened since my father's stroke of good luck to have so wholly changed the scene? Was he really mad when he wrote last, and was his fortune only a dream?

"I—I hope that I have been patient, Sir; but I am very anxious," I hinted at last.

He looked round quickly, then rose, snatched up his hat, and walked sharply from the counting-house, down the steps into the office, and toward the street.

Was he going to fetch my father, or what? I peered through the window above the wire blind as he went striding along the shop. The street-door was opened before he had reached it, and a tall, swarthy man entered, and regarded the cashier with amazement.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing. That is, only Kirby's daughter from the Cape; she is in the counting-house."

"The devil!"

"No, not the devil—the daughter."

"Well, you have told her, I suppose?"

"No, I haven't—I couldn't; upon my soul, I couldn't. I must leave it to you."

"Why, this is cowardice."

"Very likely; I am naturally a coward. Tell her as gently as you can; she seems a very nice girl, poor thing."

"But—"

"But I'm hanged if I do all the dirty work in this place; it does not suit me; and I can't tell that girl, who came in just now, all life and hope, the truth about her father. Tell her yourself, Abe."

The swarthy man seemed more astonished by the excitable behavior of his cashier than by the news of my presence in his office. He went to the door and looked out in the fog after his refractory subordinate, then, with slow, precise steps, he came toward me and my sinking heart. I wished that the other man had stopped to tell me all the truth, though he had taken longer time about it. I did not like this hard-lined face, which seemed advancing toward me like a fate, beyond my power to resist.

CHAPTER III.

I LEARN ALL THE NEWS.

The gentleman who entered the counting-house, and took the place of his eccentric cashier, was a man of thirty years of age, who might have told the world he was forty-five, without surprising it in the least. He was a tall, stiff-backed man, with one of the saddest countenances I had ever seen; stern it was as well as sad, in many respects, but it was not so wholly inflexible as I had fancied from my first look at it. He was very dark, with black eyes that seemed cold and unsympathetic, and unlike black eyes in general, and his close-shaven cheeks and chin did not give him one day's younger aspect. If he had shorn himself of all hirsute decoration for that purpose, it had been a mistake in art, and had only given him a grim Don Quixote looking head that was not pleasant to confront. He entered slowly, and after regarding me attentively for an instant, bowed, and pushed the chair over more toward me.

"You are Miss Kirby," he said. "Sit down, please; you had better sit down, I think."

I sat down, thus adjured. I was in no hurry for the news now. I knew that it would be bad enough, and there came over me the wish, strangely at variance with my late impatience, to delay the revelation which this man, in his cold hard tones, would give out to me, as the hammer of a bell might strike out its time of day.

"My name is Westmair—Abel Westmair, of the firm of Westmair and Son. I am the son," he added, as if by some mischance I should take him for his father.

I bowed, but I could not speak to him. I was not awed by the greatness of his position, but by the consciousness of the terrible nature of his forth-coming revelation.

"You are Miss Faith Kirby, I presume, to whom I wrote a few weeks since, suggesting that you should remain in Pietermaritzburg, and not come to London as your father had previously desired," he continued. "It was his wish too, I believe, that you should stay; but I was following out my own ideas, certainly not his."

"Is he dead, then? Oh, he *is* dead!" I cried, very quickly now.

"Pardon me, but he is not dead. He—How careless!" and Mr. Westmair, Junior, stooped under the table, picked up several checks and papers, and looked over them as he continued, "He is not dead, but in trouble."

His black eyes were fixed upon me over the edge of the papers, and he was watching the effect with great attention. Was he breaking the news to me kindly or not? It was impossible to guess from his stolid countenance.

"In trouble," I repeated, mechanically.

Mr. Westmair restored the checks to their place, from which his cashier had swept them in his hurry to depart, leaned against the table, crossed his legs, clasped his thin hands together, and once more looked at me with fixed intentness.

"In trouble by his own acts, and by his own weakness, and consequently there is no one to blame but himself for all the misery that he has brought about."

"Poor father! Is he very ill—in very great trouble?"

"I don't see that he deserves any pity from you, any more," he added, after a moment's pause, "than he deserves it from me."

"Go on, Sir."

Mr. Westmair, having, as he thought, sufficiently prepared me, or having grown tired of his circumlocutory process of information, or having attended so far as he considered necessary to the injunctions of the young man who had beaten an unceremonious retreat, delivered the rest of his communication at one shot.

"Your father is in prison."

There was a sudden singing in my ears, an upheaving of the floor toward the ceiling, a merry-go-round of the iron safe, the counting-house window, and Abel Westmair, and then the mist was very dense and thick about me, as if a grand rush of all the fog in Watling Street had streamed into the office, to hide me with my grief and shame from him who had told me all the news.

* * * * * *

I was quite certain that I had fainted and made a scene, some minutes afterward. I hated scenes, and to have given way like this, and before this man, was humiliating to reflect upon, when the strength for reflection returned to me. I had always fancied that I was inclined to be firm, but this weakness convinced me that I was only a silly girl, after all, unable to bear up against trouble. Should I ever bear up against real trouble again—such real, downright trouble as this was?

"I shall be better in a minute," I said, though my lips trembled very much, and, I am sure, were as white as paper; "it's—it's the long journey. I have been some time on board ship, and—and the journey was a fatiguing one."

"It's a considerable distance from the Cape to London," Mr. Westmair observed.

He had been bending over me along with his book-keeper, whom he had evidently called to my assistance. The checks were all over the floor again, and at some stage or other of my convalescence I had knocked a water-bottle and glass from his hand, the contents of which were all over the checks.

"Do you feel better now?" he inquired, after I had dreamily regarded him for a minute or two.

"I don't know; I—I think I do. I suppose I fainted away."

"Yes."

"Because—you told me that my father—Hadn't this gentleman better go now? I am much obliged to him, but—"

"You can go, Simpson," said Mr. Westmair. "Not that it matters," he added, after Simpson had retired, "for he knows the whole story, which he could have told you much better than I. I am not used to this kind of thing."

He said it in an aggrieved tone of voice, as if he had been imposed upon very much that afternoon. He stooped, picked up his checks, regarded their damp condition ruefully, and finally directed his attention to myself again.

"Will you not put your bonnet on?" he said; and I was conscious that that article of attire had been removed, and that my hair had become rough and tumbled. I made myself as tidy as possible, and as my agitation would allow, keeping my eyes upon him, feeling that I should flinch no more, and be uncomfortable never again beneath his microscopic stare.

"My father in prison!" I said; "in prison for what?"

"For robbing us."

"My father turn robber! Oh, I don't believe that! My father was honor itself, with all his faults; and do you tell me—do you dare to tell me that he is a thief?"

"I would certainly refrain from exciting myself in this way," said Abel Westmair, coldly; "it unnerves you."

"Tell me all that you know, or, rather, all that you believe against him."

I dare say that I was unpleasantly peremptory in my tone, but I was so beset with the conviction that my father had been the victim of a cruel plot that I did not study the feelings, if he had any, of my companion.

Mr. Westmair complied with my request. I was seated in the chair again, and he was leaning against the table in his old position. He spoke clearly and precisely, but betrayed no emotion at the story, or any further concern for my feelings. He was one of the great Westmairs, and I was one of the Kirbys. For two generations the Kirbys had been the servants of these people.

"Your father was a clever book-keeper and an ingenious man at figures. When we made him cashier, and when a great deal of money passed through his hands, he turned his talents to a bad account, and robbed us systematically. We discovered it, and prosecuted him, as we should prosecute on principle any one guilty of a breach of trust in this establishment. He pleaded guilty, and—"

"He pleaded guilty!" I cried.

"Yes; the facts were too clear for any attempt at refutation, and he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment."

"Where is he now?"

"In Holloway Prison."

"God help him! He was not guilty—I am sure he was not guilty, Mr. Westmair."

Mr. Westmair's face shadowed more at my persistence.

"That is a reflection on my word—on the honor of the house, Miss Kirby," he said, slowly; "but you are suffering from a natural excitement. What do you think of doing? You have some money, I suppose, and friends in London, and—and so on? Shall Simpson fetch a cab?"

"No, Sir; I can walk," said I, rising at this hint; "do not trouble yourself about me in any way. Of what sum were you robbed?"

"Eight hundred pounds."

"And when was my father tried for the robbery?"

"The fifteenth of last September."

"I—I must get a newspaper, or something, and understand it for myself. I can't understand you," I added, abruptly, "and I do not want."

"Just as Miss Kirby pleases," he said, more coldly still.

"You never took his part, or thought that he might have been innocent; you believed every fact against an old servant at once. And yet his father before him had been in this firm."

"There was a Kirby here before your father," said Abel Westmair, "but we were not called upon to regard the matter from a sentimental or a dramatic point of view. We were robbed, and we found out the thief; that is all. If he had been our dearest and nearest friend, it would have still been our duty to repay a base act of ingratitude with the law's justice and might. There was no malice in the matter, and so far as regards yourself, young lady, I, speaking for the firm, will add that we are sorry."

He said it with some dignity, perhaps with as much kindness as it was in his nature to evince, but I saw in him only a hard master who had had no mercy on my father. I hated the man; I could have cursed him in my desolation, and for all the forced calmness which I had at last assumed. I hated him; but I was too proud to show that he or his words had any power to move me, and as my reiteration of a belief in my father's innocence appeared to vex him slightly, I expressed again my firm conviction that my father had been wronged.

He did not defend himself, or offer any further explanation; he regarded me with his old aggravating stolidity, and as I moved toward the door he opened it for me, standing thereat like a statue.

I was going out in the world, not knowing which way to turn, wholly uncertain concerning my next step, more bewildered by the strangeness of my position than I could have been aware of at the moment, when I remembered that an all-important question had not been asked yet.

"And where's little Kate?"

The question leaped from me with spasmodic force, and he elevated his eyebrows and stared at me harder than ever.

"Where's who?" he said.

"Little Kate—my sister."

"I didn't know that you had a sister. Really I have been quite in the dark as to your family connections."

"And my father never spoke of her to you?"

"Not a word—why should he?"

"Great Heaven! that child is alone in the world, then. And she is only seventeen. Where can she be?"

I went out of the counting-house, pondering on this mystery, on the impossibility of my finding her in the dark city of London, wherein I was myself submerged.

I went out of Westmair and Son's with a heart that I thought was broken. My own position was precarious, but I had not time to think of it. Where was the child I had loved so much, and to whom I had been more like a mother than a sister after the real mother had died? She had been a wild, excitable, pretty girl, wayward, vain, fragile; she had been my chief anxiety in going away; what was she now in my coming back again? There were troubles and cares on all sides of me, as I crept out of the office of the Westmairs into the fog, which had become very thick and black with the night. All seemed as impenetrable as my own life ahead, and there was no seeing a step before me.

I was beginning life again—life for myself, without a single friend to counsel me—and I had ten shillings and fourpence-half-penny to begin it with.

CHAPTER IV.

MARTIN WESTMAIR.

With a heart heavy-laden, I was proceeding down Watling Street toward St. Paul's Churchyard, when some one touched me on the shoulder. Through the mist I recognized the cashier whom I had surprised at his desk a short while since.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Kirby, for troubling you again, but has he told you?"

"Yes, he has told me all."

"Not unkindly, I hope? It's only my young uncle's way, which is harsh and disagreeable," he explained, "for Abel is really not much more disagreeable than other people."

"I did not expect or wish for any kindness from Mr. Westmair," I said, proudly—how hard I did try to be very proud with it all! "He told me that he had put my father into prison, and I could not thank him for the information."

"I was afraid the news would almost be the death of you, Miss Kirby; I had not the courage to tell you myself."

"You are not a brave man, I perceive."

"I was not strong-minded enough for the task," he replied, "for you had come in full of hope, and I should have distressed you more by my explanation than Abel has done. I am a blunderer, upon my word. I can't do any thing well, and my uncle has always his wits about him. I am about the worst fellow in the world to tell any other fellow bad news."

"Did you know my father?" I inquired.

"I was in the office a few weeks before he—before he met with his misfortunes."

"And you believe him to be guilty of this robbery?"

He stared hard at me for an instant, then he said, "I am sorry to say, there is no doubt of that. I think that he was led away, tempted, deluded, something—at least that was his excuse when he begged Abel to forgive him."

"And Mr. Abel Westmair could not see any reason for pardoning an old servant," I said, sharply—I could only regard the matter from the Kirby point of view—"even supposing that my father had robbed the firm?"

"Supposing! Ah, yes."

"I do not set my father down as a robber because you and your uncle tell me that he is," I cried. "You two I know nothing about; my father's character and principles I have known all my life. Good-evening."

Mr. Westmair, taken aback by my sharpness, stopped to consider the position, recovered himself, appeared at my side again, and kept step with me, with a persistency that was annoying, despite the kindness which I believe was at the bottom of his attention.

"One moment," he said; "but what shall you do now? Where are you going? Who are the friends to whom you can turn in this emergency?"

"You appear to think that I am quite alone in the world," I replied. "What do you know of me or of my position?"

"Well, I know more than you think."

"From whom?"

"From your father, who was afraid of your return."

"Tell me what he said," I asked, eagerly; "did he speak of Katie?"

"Katie!" he answered; "who's that?"

"My sister."

"I was not aware that you had a sister," he replied. "How singular! Why did he not tell me that? What an odd old fish!"

This last remark was not intended for my ears, but it made them tingle nevertheless.

"Why was my father afraid of my return?" I said, gravely, probably sternly.

"Simply for the reason that he could not see what was to become of you in London."

"Did he not think that I could take care of myself?"

"He thought that you had not a friend to look to; and after his arrest, and before his trial, he was always begging me or Abel to write to you, and prevent, if possible, your journey to England. He had had hopes of a great rise in life, and hence had written to you to join him, he told me. What rise in life he meant, Heaven knows; until the day of his arrest, he was in my berth, and that's not a particularly brilliant position, or calculated to excite an individual with an extraordinary prospect of coming greatness. I am wearying you."

"No," I said; "go on."

"You were on his mind, and hence you got on mine," he continued, "for he gave up writing to Abel, and began to worry me instead. He thought more of you than his own ease, before he had two years for—but never mind that," he added, hurriedly—"and I was always receiving his assurances that you were weak and delicate, and would reach England totally unprepared, if it were too late to stop you. It would come at you, he said, like a death-blow."

"I am neither weak nor delicate," I remarked.

"Oh, that was another of his li—ideas," he cried, quickly correcting himself; "but he said a clumsy revelation would kill you, that you were a child whom a breath disturbed, and he so heaped up his instructions as to breaking the news, that I have been in a nervous fever ever since, lest one day or another you should walk into the office. And when you came in, I did not think it was you, having expected a sickly, miserable, unhappy-looking woman. Guessing at last who you were, I was thinking of running round the streets to collect my ideas, when Abel dropped in and undertook a task for which I was unfitted, being—being as cowardly a beggar as it will be ever your fortune to meet, Miss Kirby. And that awkward piece of business over—this is Ludgate Hill, I think, and the fog's worse than ever here—I should be glad to assist you in any way that I can—I really should."

"May I ask your name?"

"Martin Westmair, a nephew, or half-nephew, on the male side of the great family."

He said it a little ironically, laughing also at the greatness of his uncle; but I do not think that there was much envy in his merriment. He appeared to me a man who regarded life carelessly, and took the good or bad fortune in it lightly enough. From what he had already implied, he was evidently not a lucky man.

"Should I at any time require your assistance or advice, I will write to you," I said.

I had answered more coldly than I had intended, for he had not injured me, and the desire to serve me was apparent; but I could not be beholden for any favor to one of the Westmairs, however distantly removed. This was a man who had no doubt of my father's guilt, and who simply pitied me because I was alone in the world, now that my father was a felon. He regarded me as a child, without any power to help myself; but I was strong at heart, which had not broken down with shame yet. Weary and heavy-laden I might be, but my old uncle had taught me constancy and faith; I was young and did not know the world, or what the world was like. Perhaps I was all the better for that—who knows? I might feel very desolate, but I had not begun to despair.

I could not tell all this to Mr. Westmair; I was only anxious to get rid of him, and of those offers of help that were painful to listen to. I wanted to feel alone, to realize my position more acutely. Mr. Martin Westmair was puzzled; he glanced several times at me as he walked on by my side, and studied me out of the corners of his eyes.

"Write to me!" he said at last, in reply to my last remark. "Oh, it's very doubtful if I shall remain at Watling Street. It does not suit me—it's a beastly life."

"I don't think that I shall require your assistance, or that I shall be unable to help myself."

"You have no friends in London?"

"My father told you that?"

"Yes; it was that fact which grieved him."

"I wonder"—I stopped, fearing that I might hurt my companion's feelings, and then fancying that he had not cared for mine much, and doubting even if he had any, I continued—"I wonder what made my father think of you as a fitting confidant. He should have known it was most unlikely that I should care to place any trust in strangers."

"Exactly," was the reply; "but then your father was in a similar mess to yourself; he hadn't a friend either. I never saw such a helpless, cast-down old boy in my life. He was the drowning man, I was the straw, and so he made a grab at me."

"I don't understand," I said, very coldly now.

"I beg pardon; I have not put it in an elegant manner; I was always a slangy dog," he said, hurriedly; "but if there was any body sorry for old Kirby—I beg pardon again—for your father—any body inclined to persuade any body else to let him off, kick him out, do any thing but lock him up, it was myself."

"Thank you."

"Pray don't thank me. It was only to put an end to the bother. I told Abel it would save no end of bother if we let the affair blow over; but Abel was for duty, justice, example's sake, just as he always is. He's an honorable, upright stick, that makes no allowance for the wind which blows the twigs about the wrong way. And," he added, suddenly reverting to the subject which was still oppressing him, "I told your father that if I could be of any service—if you were unfortunate enough to start before the next mail brought you Abel's letter, or your governor's, that you might in any way command me. He—he said that it was possible you might reach London without a penny in your pocket. By Jove, I can imagine nothing more awful than that! Without a penny! I remember when I was down to five pounds eight—that was not many years ago, either," he added, dryly—"and the sensation was deucedly unpleasant."

"I have money enough for my immediate needs, and I have an uncle abroad to whom I can write," I said, proudly.

"That's well. I am glad of that."

"I will not detain you any longer," I added; "you are coming out of your way—"

"Oh, don't mention it."

"And," I concluded, "it is not likely that under any circumstances you can be of service to me, Mr. Westmair. I hope, with God's help, to be of service to myself."

I tried to say this very confidently—I said it confidently enough to deceive him, but at my position I shivered a little internally. Perhaps it was the fog at the foot of Ludgate Hill, where it was thicker than ever, that gave me a keener idea of isolation than I had experienced hitherto. But I was not going to show my companion that I was afraid of the world. Not I, indeed!

I stopped, and he stopped also.

"I will wish you good-evening again," I said.

"Which way are you going?"

"My own way," I answered, calmly, "where I can think of all this by myself, and try to remember how many friends I had when I was here last."

"Oh, you had friends, then?"

"Yes."

To be sure I had friends! There was Katie, and she could not be dead. Had I not had a letter from her by last mail?

"Come, that's not so bad. I hope you will be able to find them," he said. "May I shake hands?"

He offered his hand to me, and I placed mine within it for an instant.

"I am afraid you think that I have been very officious in this matter," he said; "but I wanted to keep my word to your father as well as I could, and your—your position has perplexed me. It has nothing to do with me—ah! you are going to say that, perhaps—but still I thought that I might be of use, or that my mother's advice might come in handy. Shall I give you my mother's address?—you are sure to like her."

I hesitated—a woman's consolation in my sore distress would have been sweet and valuable, but I could not take it from a stranger in the streets—one of the Westmairs, too, who had brought this awful trial upon me.

"Thank you; but there is no occasion that I should trouble any one."

"Very well," he said, again regarding me wistfully, almost doubtfully; "good-by, then. I hope you will succeed in all your undertakings and get the better of this—this disappointment very soon."

"Thank you," I said again.

I went away from him; I stepped into the road, intending to cross over to Fleet Street, when he once more took his place beside me, and, to my surprise, drew my hand through his arm.

"Yes, I know what you are going to tell me—I am a horrible fellow that will not go away," he said; "but if you cross the road by yourself you will certainly be run over. There is always a great deal of traffic here."

"I know this part of London by heart."

"Very likely; but your knowledge is not worth much in the fog," he replied. "Look out! that's a horse's head over your shoulder.—Hold hard, will you?" he cried to some one invisible in the clouds. "Can't you see where you are driving?"

"Can't you and your gal get out of the road, stupid?" was the rejoinder of the driver of a Hansom cab.

Martin Westmair laughed at this, and then apologized to me, as he suddenly remembered that I was not in a laughing humor.

"There, you see, I was of some use," he said, when we were at the corner of Fleet Street; and without waiting for my answer he darted back across the street, as if anxious to prove, by his precipitation, that it was not his intention to remain any longer in my company against my will. So sudden was his disappearance that I stood there for a moment surprised at my own loneliness; then I moved on toward Dorset Street, from which my father had last dated, and which had been home to me for years before I went to Pietermaritzburg. I had been cut adrift from all associations, and was alone at last. In the dense, dark world about me there was only myself to depend upon. No, my heart was not broken, only heavy-laden—I have said so twice already! But it sunk still more after the Westmair man had gone—but that was the fog. What a miserable night it was!

CHAPTER V.

THE OLD LODGINGS.

Although my position alarmed me, I don't think that I was quite selfish about it. I gave two thoughts to Katie to one for myself, for the child's strange disappearance, as it were, became one more sorrow to take into my keeping. What had become of her? Who was with her? Was she as helpless and alone as I was, and would it be possible to find her, to hear all the story, and to take some comfort from it and from each other, brought together again after four years of separation? Surely I should find her; I was not a dull young woman. I had once heard my uncle Jeffery tell some one confidentially that I was quick-witted, and I was not going to give up in a hurry the search for my sister. That seemed the task which I must commence in the best manner that suggested itself; it was a case of great emergency. At my father's old lodgings it might be possible, I thought, to take up the clew and follow it to the end. Katie would not have vanished away and left never a trace by which to discover her. She would have thought of my return, and of the trouble and grief that were to meet me. She had relied always upon me; we had been such good friends. She would be counting every hour till I came back to her. But why my father had been anxious concerning me to Martin Westmair, and had never mentioned Katie's name to him, or appeared to be anxious concerning Katie in any way, was a mystery that only my younger sister or my father could explain. It was beyond my guessing at, and I tried to think it down—to set it aside—as I went along Bridge Street and past the hotels to Tudor Street and Dorset Street.

In the middle of Dorset Street, in apartments on the first floor of a very dingy house in this very dingy neighborhood, the Kirbys had fought their battle of life. Here Katie and I had been born, and mother had died; here had been home, and something of happiness in the midst of a long, long struggle to keep out of debt—a struggle that had failed and brought much anxiety, and my uncle's offer to take me away with him—growing such a big girl!—to Pietermaritzburg. Hence had dated all my experience of life. Down this narrow and grimy street, in the shadow of enormous gas-works, and within a stone's-throw of the river, I had lived sixteen years. As I turned the corner of Dorset Street the African settlement became a part of dream-land from which I had awakened. This was home, and I had never been away, it seemed. I went straight to the house wherein we had lodged, and where I used to wonder what would become of us all if the gas-works blew up. The huge gasometers were still there, and we had been blown up instead, and scattered such divers ways that to find each other again had become almost impossible. The street was dark and thick with fog; there were no curious folk from up-stairs windows to look down upon me and speculate on my mission, as there would have been in the daytime among these colonies of lodgers. The chandler's shop and the coffee shop had a glimmering of light in them, but their owners had shut the fog out by glass doors; and an organ-grinder was hard at "Miserere," with two children, dirty but weather-proof, trying ineffectually to dance to it.

I knocked at the door of the old home, but the woman who opened it, and stood in the passage peering out at me, shading with her hand the candle that she held, was a slatternly woman whom I had never seen before.

"Mrs. Green—does she live here?" I asked.

"Mrs. Green's been dead these two years—dropsy," she added, as if the cause of Mrs. Green's decease might be of interest to me.

"Are you the landlady of this house?"

"My husband took house and furniture off Mrs. Green's hands afore she died, so I suppose I am," she answered, somewhat sharply. "Do you want any thing particular?"

"Yes, I do. My name is Kirby."

"Oh, is it? Then I am very glad to see you," she said, more sharply still. "Perhaps you'll have the goodness to step into my parlor? My name is Simmons, which I dare say you've heard of."

"No, I have not."

The woman paused to consider my reply, as though it had puzzled her. Then telling me to shut the door behind me, she led the way into the front-parlor which I knew so well. Katie and I had lived and slept in this front-parlor for a week once—the week that mother lay dead up stairs, when we were little children, and Mrs. Green had felt for us, stricken motherless so young. The furniture had not altered much; the glass with the rose-wood frame over the mantel-piece I recognized, and an old-fashioned sideboard with brass handles to its drawers and six long spider's legs was so like an old friend that I felt for the nonce less desolate. When I looked at Mrs. Simmons I drifted out to sea again. She was an angular, hard-faced, middle-aged woman, whom poverty had pinched into a bad temper which nothing now could cure. She was a miserably clad, untidy being, who had left on the hearth-rug an untidier specimen of humankind in the shape of a grimy baby of twelve months old, while she had responded to my summons. This baby she snatched at after setting the brass candlestick upon the table, and proceeded to hammer its back as it lay across her lap, with a wild idea that she was soothing it to sleep. But the baby cried instead, and she shook it for a moment before recommencing the hammering process with more energy.

"Sit down, marm; there's a chair. What's the matter with the child to-night I don't know, squalling and squealing like this, and no one to help me. It's well that we poor people have patience, or we should die pretty quick of worry. So your name's Kirby, is it?—related to the Kirbys who lodged here, and played me such a trick?"

"A trick!" I repeated; "do you mean that my father, Mr. Kirby—"

"Oh, he's your father, is he? Come, I'm glad of that, if you've called to settle what's owing, which I suppose you have, or you wouldn't be here to brazen it out with the rest of 'em. They was an ungrateful lot; but you ain't of that kidney, maybe.—Lay still, do," she added, to her baby.—"I'm not at all surprised that mothers squelch their little ones sometimes, when their husbands are dead, and their sons are beasts, like mine, and go out drinking and leave their mothers all the slavery at home. That's what it is."

And Mrs. Simmons, having shadowed forth her own grievances not indistinctly, thumped away again at her baby, who, after a second protest of a feebler description, condescended to shut its eyes. My position was not an enviable one, but there was news to be learned from this virago, and though I was afraid of her, I was not sorry that I had called.

"My father is in debt to you?" I inquired.

"Oh, you don't know that, then?" she asked, ironically; "yes, that's very likely. Where have you been all this time?"

"I have been in South Africa. I have only returned this afternoon."

"Pity you hadn't staid there."

I was of the same opinion myself by this time.

"Pity you hadn't staid there," this waspish woman repeated, "if you come over to take up with such cheats as lived in my first floor. The lies they told about what they were going to do to make their fortunes, and pay off all they owed, was enough to bring the roof down on their 'eads, which, if it had, would have been a judgment that 'd served them to the rights. They owed me thirteen pounds six shillings when they were sewed up. I don't know how the money went at all. I only know I got cheek for my share. That saucy young minx was your sister, I s'pose?"

"Katie!" I cried, quickly.

"Ah, yes, Katie; that's her."

"What has become of her?"

"I don't know, and don't care. When your father was took to prison for thieving—"

"Oh, don't!" I cried; and my cheeks felt as if hot irons had been placed on them.

"Well, he was took, I s'pose, and a good take to for what he was worth. If he'd been my father I should have been ashamed of him long ago, and not have come from Hafricker to ask him how he was. Thirteen pounds six shillings," she added, and in her excitement and absence of mind she began to hammer the baby again; "think of that to the likes of me, hard up as I am, with not a lodger in the house, and Dick—that's the son who pretends to support me—getting the sack next Saturday. If you could pay any of it, say a week or two off, good Lord! the help you'd be to me jest now!"

The eager look of the woman was pitiable to witness, and made me forget her want of consideration toward me. And, after all, why should she care for me or my position? What was I in any way but a member of the family that had run into her debt?

"I was not aware of this claim upon us," I said; "if in any way I can pay it, or pay something off presently, when I am settled and earning money for myself, I will. I give you my word."

"Ah! do you?" said the woman, phlegmatically. "I had your father's word, and a bad one it was; your fine sister's word, and that was gammon; and now I have got yours. It's lucky to get the lot of the family's promises, but they butter no parsnips, you see."

"You—you were speaking of my sister," said I, in the most conciliatory tone that I could adopt; "what became of her after my poor father's arrest? She—"

I stopped, hoping that Mrs. Simmons would take up my cue.

"She walked out of the house as full of airs and graces as if her father had been made Lord Mayor of London, that's all," said Mrs. Simmons. "I didn't run after her, and beg her to keep the lodgings on, you may be sure. Glad enough was I to get shut of her at any price; and as for her coming back soon to pay my rubbishing rent, as she called it, why, I believe *that* as much as I believe you. There!"

And with this humiliating peroration she rose and walked from the room, with the baby in her arms. How long she was away I do not know. I made no effort to withdraw. I fell into deep thought, or, rather, into a deep stupor that was something like thought, but wasn't, and when she came back without the child I was sitting with my hands clasped, staring at the worn carpet, just as she had left me.

Mrs. Simmons stood by the door regarding me attentively after her return; when I looked up I saw that she was studying me, taking in every article of my attire, and mentally summing me up as she continued the analysis. Yes, hers was a very sour face, but I fancied that there was a trifle less acidulation in it when I met her gaze again.

"Did you say you come from Afriker this afternoon?"

"I reached London to-day."

"Expecting to find them here as usual?—Lor! the likes of that!"

"I thought that they would be easy to find," I answered, as I rose, "and I did not expect this. I am detaining you."

"Oh, I've got lots of time," she said, with an angry snort, "and wus luck is it."

I thought that she had not had even time enough to wash her face and hands, but Mrs. Simmons, in a lodgerless house, was evidently not busy. She had not expected company, her son was out, and there was no one to wash for.

"I think I see it all as plain as plain," said Mrs. Simmons, suddenly; "their lies got over you too, and you came to London to take a share of their good fortun', and gave up a good place, poraps. They served you out as well as a poor widder like me, did they—the unfeeling brutes?"

"Don't talk so," I said, more warmly; "my father and sister meant all for the best. How it happened that the worst has come, and that I meet ruin and shame where I had expected much of comfort, Heaven knows—but they meant all for the best, I am sure."

"Well, it was a blessed rum way of showing it, and no mistake," said the woman, bluntly. "What are you going to do?"

"I am not certain," I replied, hesitatingly; "I don't see my way yet."

"Have you got any money?"

"Yes—a little."

I did not say how little, but I added,

"Not enough to pay any thing of my father's debt. I wish I had."

The woman tossed her head at this; she was evidently sick at heart of the Kirby protestations. Still she was a woman of business, a woman of the world, who made the best of the poor chances that presented themselves in her sordid sphere of life, and I was a chance to her in my small way.

"If you don't know where to lodge," she said, "there's all the up-stairs rooms empty, and you can have the back bedroom for two shillings, if you pay aforehand. I don't trust no more, of course."

I hesitated. It was a relief to know that there was a roof over my head offered me for one night, but the woman's manner was repellent and the woman herself forbidding. Still it was a home in its way; it had been my home years before this, and I did not feel quite desolate and helpless therein. Here was rest, and I was tired and weak, and wanted time to turn round and think what was to become of me, and what *had* become of Katie.

The woman seemed honest though disagreeable, and by degrees her manner might thaw a little, and I might learn something more of the lodgers who had at least been two years with her, and had paid her while they were able. I might learn a great deal presently, if I was patient, and this woman was patient too.

"I think I will accept your offer for one night," I said, drawing out my purse.

"You'd better see the room fust," she said, more independently; "you mayn't like it."

She took the candlestick from the table and led the way up stairs to the top of the house, to the very room where Katie and I had slept together last. The furniture was not changed, and the room was cleaner and brighter than I had bargained for. I knew the Bible pictures on the walls, until the mist came into my eyes and hid them from me. How many times had I told Katie of the stories which those pictures had attempted vainly in their garish coloring to illustrate, and she had lain by my side, with her big blue eyes, full of wonder and awe, turning from me toward the prints! She was a golden-haired little child when those stories interested her, good and loving, and only somewhat spoiled by her mother, perhaps by me. Oh, my little Katie, what a time that is ago, and why do I rain such bitter tears upon these leaves to think of it!

"We've the furniture, you see—as we have in the first floor front," Mrs. Simmons explained. "We took all we could get, but Tunks the broker down the street only offered me seven pounds for the lot last week, and we took it of your father as fifteen pounds off. For it was twenty-eight pounds six shillings, mind you, afore we had this heap of rubbish on our hands. But there it is," she said, putting her candlestick on the drawers, "and clean it all is. I've been working at it to-day until I'm fit to drop, or my own place and myself would have been a bit tidier," she added, as if suddenly awakening to a sense of the condition of her front-parlor and herself; "and there's the light, which you're welcome to. Is that all the luggage you've come from Afriker with?" she asked, regarding my little traveling-bag suspiciously.

"No—this is for immediate use," I said; "my box is left till called for."

"Simmons used to say never take in people without boxes, and see that there ain't stones in *them*," said the woman, thoughtfully; "but you're only here for one night at two shillings—payable aforehand."

"Oh, I beg your pardon—I had forgotten."

I opened my purse—which Mrs. Simmons attentively surveyed, and even stood on tiptoe to get a better view of—and paid her the two shillings which she had waited for.

"Thank you," she said, more graciously, for the mere fact of getting money from a Kirby was evidently overpowering. "Maybe you have not had any tea? It's easy to get a cup from the coffee shop hard by. I do at this time of year, when Dick isn't coming home; it saves trouble and fire."

"If you would be so kind as that," I said. "Let me see; that will be three half-pence more."

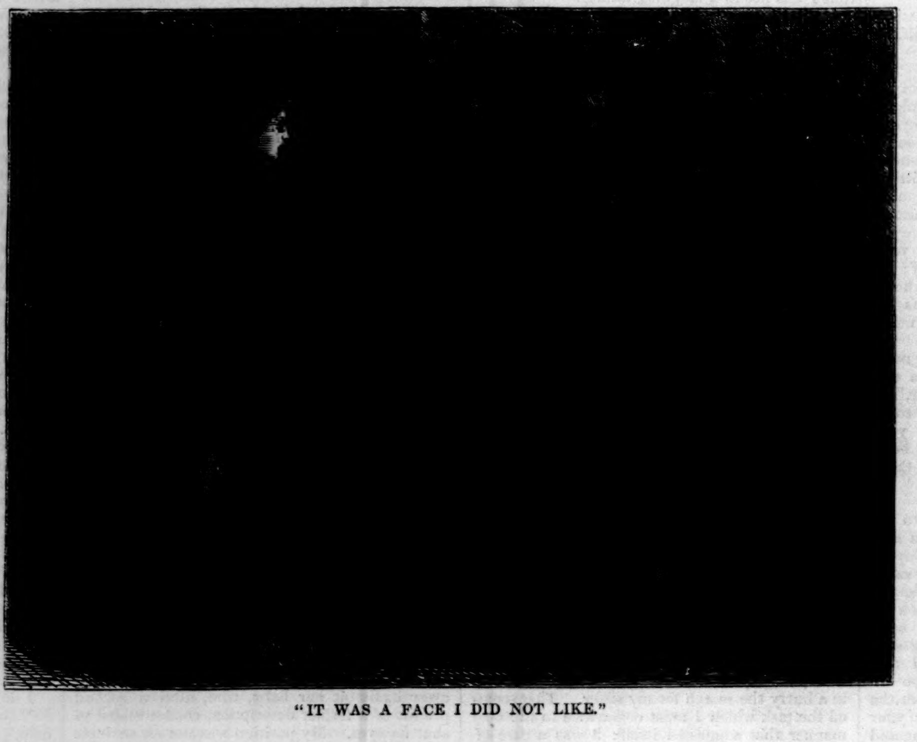
I remembered the old Dorset Street prices very well.

"Yes, without any thing to eat."

"I can not eat any thing, thank you."

I paid Mrs. Simmons three half-pence, with which she immediately departed, leaving me alone in the old room once more. It was not home to me now, but it seemed so like home that for a little while I was unnerved again, as I had been at the first glimpse of the pictures on the walls. Nothing seemed so far off in this place as it had been in the murky streets, and the figures of the past might glide in at any moment to save me from my isolation.

"This will not do, Faith," I said, before Mrs. Simmons came up stairs again with the tea, but not before I had heard her advancing, in boots that flapped noisily as she walked; "you must keep strong, my child, till Katie's found."



"IT WAS A FACE I DID NOT LIKE."

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE FOG AGAIN.

I HAD pens, ink, and paper in my bag—much of the time on shipboard had been employed in the keeping of a little diary, which I had intended to send back to Uncle Jef—and after my tea I sat down to write a few letters. The mail for the Cape might leave to-morrow, and it was as well not to lose a moment's time in writing to my uncle, giving him some idea of my position, but telling him that I was very strong, that I trusted in myself and in Heaven's goodness to find Katie, and to be comforted presently for all the unlooked-for trouble by which I had been met. I was puzzled what address to give him, but I told him that in a few days I would write again, with all the particulars that I had learned meanwhile, and I begged him not to be anxious concerning me. All would be well in time, I hoped.

My second letter was to my father, in the great Holloway Prison, to which City felons are drafted. I informed him that I was in London, cast down utterly by the news which I had received, and urged him to write at once, at the old address in Dorset Street, and give me Katie's address, if he were acquainted with it, which I prayed he was, which I thought he must be, and yet which I doubted, as though some mystery hung over Katie's absence that even he could not explain. My third letter was to the governor of Holloway Prison, inclosing my second, apologizing for any informality in my method of procedure, trusting that the rules would allow my letter to be delivered to my father, and restating my case, and my strange situation, friendless and solitary, in the hope that he would be interested in the story, and do all for me in his power of which he was capable. I begged for an early permission to see my father, and used all the special and earnest pleading at my command—it was not much—to attain that object.

A fourth letter completed my correspondence. It was an inspiration that prompted me to write it, or a reckless consciousness that I could not exert myself too much, or repeat my case too often, in order to awaken sympathy in those who could throw back the barriers between me and Jonathan Kirby, in prison at Holloway. I wrote to the Lord Mayor, as chief magistrate of the city of London, asking for an order to see my father, and repeating once more the facts of my sad case. Then satisfied that I had made a good beginning, that I had not lost time, I went down stairs with the letters in my hand, and with my bonnet on, bent upon the mission of posting them at once. I had brought the light with me, and Mrs. Simmons, with the baby in her arms, and the baby crying its loudest, emerged in a bent attitude from the parlor, probably to make sure that I was not carrying out of the establishment some property that did not belong to me. Being one of the Kirbys, who had in times past served her shabbily, it was necessary to be wary, and Mrs. Simmons was evidently a vigilant as well as a suspicious woman.

"Oh, you're going out again," she said.

"Yes, to post a few letters. I shall not be long."

"You can be just as long as you like—we're late people here; Dick never comes home till half past twelve."

She looked gloomily at the letters once more.

"You seem to have plenty of friends, after all," she said, with the old sullenness exhibiting itself.

"Two friends, I hope," I said, showing the letters: "my uncle in Pietermaritzburg, and my father in prison. They were always good to me. The other two I hope will be friends in their way presently."

"If you're asking them for money, I'm sure they won't," said Mrs. Simmons, sententiously, as she turned toward the parlor again, pausing on the threshold to add, "You can leave the street-door ajar; no one's likely to rob me, and if the baby's up when you come back it will save my dragging it into the passage. I'm fit to drop to-night, with the child as it is."

Thus enjoined, I left the door ajar, and went on toward Fleet Street and the Post-office. The fog had increased in density and in depth of blackness with the night, and the street lamps were no longer visible; it was as well that the neighborhood was familiar to me, or I might have found some difficulty in Dorset Street. I was proceeding cautiously along the street toward the main thoroughfare at the top, when it occurred to me very suddenly and unaccountably that some one was following. Whether I had grown nervous with anxiety, or the night and the night's echoes were deceiving me, I was uncertain; but as I stopped to listen, footsteps behind me seemed to stop also, and when I went on again I heard heavy feet proceeding once more at a few paces distant. Mrs. Simmons might have thought it worth while to follow me, to make sure that some new Kirby trick was not being hatched against her peace; but I had left her with the baby, and it was a man's footfall, not a woman's, that was rendering me nervous.

"Some one going the same way as myself," I said, assuringly, and then I felt a throb of indignation as the new thought suggested itself that possibly Martin Westmair was resolved upon not losing sight of me, whether I wished it or not. I was glad when I was in Fleet Street, though I did not regard my return to Dorset Street with complete satisfaction. I was even thinking of taking a circuit back along Fleet Street, and round Bridge Street and Tudor Street, in preference to returning by the same route, and was deliberating upon that expedient after I had posted my letters in a huge pillar-box, which had been a London improvement since my residence abroad.

I was in doubt when the watcher—I am sure it was he who had been watching—came straight toward me and peered into my face, startling me with his haggardness and ghastliness. It was a face that I had not seen before, and the sunken gray eyes were overshadowed by two great bushy eyebrows. It was a face I did not like—an uncommon, fierce, strange, sickly face which stereotyped itself upon me.

"Miss Kirby, isn't it?" said a voice tremulous with eagerness; "you have come, then, Katie, as you promised."

CHAPTER VII.

MRS. SIMMONS HAS HER DISLIKES.

COULD this be a coincidence, altogether a dream from which I should awake over my letter-writing, or was it a reality born of my prayers that Katie might be restored to me? "If the last, Heaven has been very good to me," I thought, in that simple, pious way out of which, alas! I have grown a little.

I leaned against the pillar-post looking at my questioner's white face, the expression of which wavered as I looked, and became confused and vague.

"Katie!" I gasped forth. "What do *you* know of Katie Kirby?"

"I—I beg pardon—it's a mistake," the voice said, huskily. The man then backed and grew fainter in the fog, like a figure in a phantasmagoria, and then vanished suddenly. Two or three wild steps forward brought me to the closed shutters of a shop, against which a burly policeman was standing, to whom I appealed in my anxiety.

"Some one passed just now—I was speaking to him—which way has he gone, policeman?"

"I don't know—I haven't seen any body. Have you had your pocket picked, miss?" he inquired.

"No, no."

"Ah, that's lucky. There's lots of light fingers and light heels about to-night."

I went down Salisbury Street thinking of all this, wondering what it all meant, inclined once more to believe that it had been an odd hallucination born of a long day's fatigue. I reached the house in Dorset Street, and was not watched in my return, so far as I was aware.

The street-door was as I had left it at Mrs. Simmons's suggestion; I closed it behind me, and then looked in upon my landlady sitting in the parlor still, with the baby stiff and rampant in her arms. There was a most unamiable expression on Mrs. Simmons's countenance; the baby had tried her temper very much in my absence, and there was no sleep in it.

"The baby is still awake, then?" I ventured to say.

"Oh—awake—yes," she answered, crossly; "it's always awake when it ought to be asleep—as contrary as life itself."

"Shall I hold the baby for a little while?"

The offer was a startling one to Mrs. Simmons. She was in the middle of an extraordinary gymnastic performance, that consisted of tilting herself from the back to the front legs of her chair, which not being a rocking one, or in any way contrived for the purpose, threatened at every movement to collapse with her: she paused in mid-air to consider my proposition. I blushed at her steady survey of me. I was fond of babies, though I preferred them less gritty, and babies as a rule took to me; but it was only with the hope of learning more news of my family that I had volunteered my services, and I feared that my artfulness was apparent on my guilty countenance.

"You can have her for a minute or two, if you like," Mrs. Simmons said; "come in and sit down."

I complied with her request, and Mrs. Simmons put the baby into my arms. It was a pretty child, despite a black smutch from the roots of its hair to the tip of its dubby nose; and after a long stare at me, it reached out two little fists toward the brooch at my neck, and burst into twenty dimples.

"She seems to take to you," said Mrs. Simmons, after a while, "and that's saying a great deal, as she won't go out of my arms if she can help it. She's a dreadful worrit."

"From which you would not care to be spared, I dare say?"

The sour visage softened somewhat.

"Well, no; though when my temper's up—and I'm rather shortish—I do wish orful things about her. I dare say," she said, reflectingly, "it would be a mussy if she were tooked—I often think that of baby gals with no father or no mother, or not much chance ahead of 'em, and I've thought it of her. But she's post-humorous, you see—she was born a fortnight after Simmons was buried, and six had died afore her, and for her to live was funny. Nobody expected it," she went on, becoming loquacious over her infant, "for she was born a mite that you could put in a quart pot, but she throve after the first five weeks like a good one, and then got dreadful bad with whooping-cough, which brought her down to nothing. The doctors said that change of air might save her, and though I had no money, and your people was serving me out shameful, I gave her all the change I could. I walked her seven or eight miles into the country—sometimes to Tottenham, sometimes t'other way to Willesden—day after day, and then seven miles back again, and so I think I saved her by degrees. Of course I let the house go anyhow, but that didn't matter to me then."

Mrs. Simmons rose several degrees in my estimation after her confession. In a woman who could adopt these novel means to afford her baby change of air, who could struggle on day after day in the hope of saving her child, who gave up work and "let the house go anyhow," as she termed it, in the mother's strong yearning to preserve one little life unto herself, I thought I saw a fair trait of character underlying much of the ruggedness of her every-day aspect.

"What is her name?"

Mrs. Simmons's face took that angular look which I disliked so much, and which was an index to her general demeanor.

"Kate," she said, sullenly and slowly.

"Kate—Katie—after—"

"Yes, after your sister," was the information begrudgingly vouchsafed to me. "I was ill in bed, and it fretted me to think the baby might die without being christened, and one day your sister came in and told me that Dick and she had taken it round the corner to church, and had had it christened Kate. I was cross at first, but they meant it well, I s'pose, though Dick had no right to ask that gal to be my baby's godmother, without speaking of it to me. She a godmother, indeed! I told 'em my mind, though I wasn't sorry afterward, thinking that the child must die, which she didn't. Mind she doesn't scratch herself with that brooch of yours. I wish you hadn't taken her, she'll be awake for hours, now you've roused her," she added, fretfully.

"She was awake when I came in," I said. "And so this is another Katie! Was my sister fond of her?"

"Not a bit. She was never fond of any body but herself," said Mrs. Simmons, "and never thought of any body but herself, except now and then in a spasm, when she couldn't help it."

"Oh, I hope you're wrong—I know you're wrong," I cried; "she was impatient, perhaps a little willful, spoiled a great deal by mother and father, but she was always warm-hearted. She would do any thing for me."

"How old was she when you went away to Hafriker?"

"Thirteen."

"Ah, I didn't know her then," was the answer, "but I can tell you this, I can't abide her now."

"Why not?"

"Oh, don't ask me."

"You have some particular reason for your dislike of her, I think."

"You're sharp," Mrs. Simmons remarked, sententiously; "p'raps I have."

"I wish that you would tell me what it is."

"That wouldn't do you any good, nor me neither," said my landlady, with a grating laugh—"though, mind you, I don't say as how I have. There's no more accounting for one's dislikes than one's likes, and I don't like her well enough to wish to see her, that's all. See her again, I hope to the Lord I never may!"

Very slowly and decisively she uttered those last words, the hard lines in her face deepening, and the whole expression falling into shadow and becoming difficult to decipher. I did not press the question; I was certain that Mrs. Simmons would reply to me with less patience and more acerbity, and for the little time that I remained in Dorset Street, I would put up with the variable disposition of my landlady. I endeavored to lead round the conversation to my father, and to acquire from Mrs. Simmons some further details as to the cause of his imprisonment. Martin Westmair had spoken of my father having fallen into bad hands, of a studied series of defalcations, of Jonathan Kirby having gone wrong altogether; but Mrs. Simmons could not enlighten me as to any antecedents which might justify the past assertions.

"They told me at Westmair's this afternoon that he had altered very strangely," I said; "if his mind were affected by his position, it might account for much that is at present inexplicable."

"He was always the same, so long as I knew him," Mrs. Simmons replied—"sly enough for fifty. He did suddenly begin to talk big, and to try and lord it over me—he was going to be rich, and pay every body, with lots of interest—and then they came here one night and took him off to prison."

"Was Katie at home then?"

My thoughts would come round to her, and I bore up against my landlady's disparaging reflections for the sake of the information that I might be able to obtain. After all, I had learned nothing.

"Oh yes, Katie was at home."

"How did she bear it?"

"She went on about the family disgrace, and cried like any thing, and said she'd drown herself for shame. But she got over it wonderful quick, which was a mercy in its way."

"You speak bitterly," I said; "I wish that you would tell me—"

"I have nothing to tell about her," Mrs. Simmons said, before I could complete my adjuration; "it's no use your worriting about your sister, I haven't time to think of every thing that she said and did while she was here. Why can't you let her rest? She didn't like me, and there wasn't no love lost."

"And you have no idea where she is now?"

"Thank goodness, no!" was the quick reply. "Have you done with my baby?"

"She's quiet now. I fancy that she is getting sleepy."

"Not with all this talking in her ears," said Mrs. Simmons, taking her baby from my arms. "I'll try her in the other room again."

Mrs. Simmons departed, and I was left alone to consider if I had discovered any thing by my patience. No, there was not a trace of Katie Kirby. I had not even found a clew to her character, for the hard woman who had left me was unjust, as are all people with strong prejudices. I thought myself to sleep, born of a long day's fatigue; but it was a feverish slumber, which told of much excitement at my heart, for all the composure that I had struggled to maintain. I passed into an awful dream-land. My father was in a dungeon, chained to the wall, as in the old prison days of which I had read in books of martyrs, and I was listening to his shrieks for mercy, and his curses on those who had punished him for a crime of which he had been the victim, not the perpetrator. They were going to torture him, and the Westmairs, father and son, were scowling from an open doorway high up in the wall, while over their shoulders was the mocking face of Martin Westmair, the man who had taken care of me in the fog that evening. Katie and I were together, both imploring the Westmairs for mercy, and Katie had proofs of my father's innocence, which proofs his persecutors saw at last, and came down a flight of stone steps toward us to wrench from our hands at any cost. We were cowering among the straw in a corner of the cell, shrieking for help as they advanced, and my father was struggling madly to break his chains and dash to our deliverance, when I awoke with a scream, and with that sickness and heart-throbbing common to such nightmare horrors.

Where was I? Had I passed from one bad dream to another? Who was this man standing on Mrs. Simmons's hearth-rug, with his hands in the pockets of his trowsers, and a cap pulled closely over his forehead? He had been regarding me with immense interest, for his mouth was half open, and his eyes were protruding from his head. I was more of a surprise to him than he to me. After I had stared at him for a few seconds, he said, in a thick voice,

"Where's mother?"

"I don't know," I answered. "I have been asleep, I think."

"You've been dreaming badly," he said. "I can't make it out, but I do that kind of thing myself—devilish often, too. I suppose you are—who are you, did you say?" he said, suddenly adopting the interrogative form as more convenient to himself.

"I am lodging here for a night," I replied. "Are you Mrs. Simmons's son?"

"Yes, I am," he answered. "Where's mother?"

"Putting the baby to sleep."

"She's always putting the baby to sleep," he muttered, in an aggrieved tone.

He was as cross-tempered as his mother, I thought, as he walked across the room and lumped himself down into the first vacant chair, where he remained till Mrs. Simmons's entrance. But before Mrs. Simmons reappeared I had recognized him. At the first sight of him, when he had seemed to be the continuation of my dream under another aspect, the pallid face had struck me as a something that I had seen before, and a second glance assured me that it was he who had called me Katie when I was standing at the letter-box in Fleet Street. There was no mistaking the unhealthy look of the man, the gray sunken eyes gleaming from a face strangely white, or the heavy black eyebrows lowering above them, although the eagerness of expression which had startled me was replaced by a stolidness of aspect that bordered on stupidity. Was I approaching closer to the solution of one mystery? I thought so, and I was very glad.

CHAPTER VIII.

DICK SIMMONS.

I continued to regard Mr. Simmons furtively, preparing my course of action meanwhile. He had got over his curiosity concerning me, and was sitting with his hands in his pockets, and his shoulders above his ears, a masculine distortion. He was a plain man, with a face very old-looking for his years, which, I learned afterward from his mother, numbered two-and-twenty. He seemed to me that night to be quite thirty years of age, and, like Abel Westmair, to be carrying his years but indifferently well.

He was dressed badly, but there had been an effort at some time or other of the day to smarten himself up. The cravat was of a dazzling blue, but the tie had got round to his ear and disclosed in the process a soiled and crumpled shirt front; the coat was black and almost new, although the trowsers were of that thick, heavy velveteen cord common to the lower classes who have hard work to do, and plenty of it.

He had appeared at first anxious to ascertain my name, or the motive for my presence in the house; but that feeling had died away or been quickly suppressed, and he was sitting before me stolid and inanimate, with his cloth cap, more suitable for a boy than a man, pulled tightly over his head.

"I have seen you before, this evening, Mr. Simmons?" I said.

He gave a perceptible writhe in his chair, as if to accommodate himself to various angles therein, before he answered me.

"Yes," he replied at last, "you have."

"You took me for my sister—for one who used to lodge in this house?" I continued.

He was silent for some minutes. I thought that it was his intention not to answer me, when he said, after swallowing something in his way of utterance,

"Well, I did."

He was a man evidently on his guard, and not to be led into a long discussion; he even seemed a man who was afraid to trust himself to any rigid questioning, he paused so long to consider his best method of reply.

"You were waiting for my sister," I said, "and you expected to meet her to-night?"

To this question he did not answer, and after he had sat silent and sheep-faced for as long a period as my patience would allow, I said,

"Am I right or wrong, Mr. Simmons?"

"Oh, you're right enough," he said, with a sullenness that proved him to be his own mother's son.

"You know where Katie is, then," I cried; "I am very, very glad; you have saved me from much anxiety, though why she should trust to you, I—I don't know, of course. Please tell me where to find her, and I will go at once. I could not rest in this house, knowing that she was close by. And she is very near. I am sure of it."

My excitement appeared to bring more sense, or more caution, to Mr. Simmons; he took his hands from his pockets, rested them on his chair, half rose, and then sat down again, regarding me very intently all the while, and still as if he were afraid of me.

"I don't know," he said, "I really don't know where your sister Katie lives. I wish to Heaven I did," he added, with a sudden vehemence that led me to recoil from him.

"You were waiting for her?"

"Yes, because—because she said—"

"Said what? Why should there be any mystery about it, any thing to be ashamed of, or to keep from me? Said what?"

"She said—she promised," he explained, after another gulp down of something in his throat, "that she would, some fine night, come back to me—to us again—just as she used to do, you know; that I might look out for her in this street, that she didn't bear me malice, but good-will; and that if I waited she would come, and show me that she was just the same as ever. And so night after night, until half past eight o'clock, by St. Paul's"—he was very precise as regarded the time, it seemed—"I have waited; but she doesn't come this way. She has fine friends now, and we're poor, poverty-stricken wretches; but if she has a better friend than Dick Simmons in all the world, why, strike me dead, that's all."

It dawned upon me that Dick Simmons had been drinking since I had posted my letters in Fleet Street; it suggested itself to me that he was a weak fellow, who had fostered some silly fancy for my sister until it had almost turned his head, and led him perhaps, poor wretch, to drink. When he dashed his cap upon the floor, and kicked it afterward across the room, by way of emphasis to his remarks, I had no doubt of both my suppositions, and the few tears in which he surreptitiously indulged only strengthened my conviction. I thought more of Katie than of him, however.

"How do you know that Katie has fine friends?"

"I—I don't know," he said, after a moment's hesitation; "how should I know any thing for certain? She wouldn't come here to tell any thing about them; she wouldn't take any trouble about me, a man at the gas-works over the way till Saturday, when he gets the sack, and serve him d—d well right. But she has better friends than we are; oh yes, lots of 'em—she'll find that out in time."

He struck his hand upon the wooden elbow of his chair with a force that must have hurt him, though he regarded it not in the passion which had suddenly replaced his grief and weakness. The raised tones of his voice brought his mother from the next room into the front-parlor.

"Don't holler like that, now the baby is off," she said, sharply. "Here, what's the matter? Hold up your head, do."

Mrs. Simmons stretched forth her bony hand, took her son by the blue cravat, and held his head back over the chair, as though she was going to shave him, till he resisted the indignity and wrenched himself from her clutch, with an angry oath or two.

"Ah, that's the way," said Mrs. Simmons, ironically, "that's wus and wus, jest as I said it would be. You can swear at your own mother now—my boy who went to Sunday-school as teacher only twelve months back, and liked the work of Bible-teaching too. Don't mind him, Miss Kirby; he's only crying drunk as usual. This happens every night; if you were going to stay here, you'd get as used to it as I have."

"I'm not drunk," muttered the son.

"Oh no, of course not. *Now*," she cried, turning suddenly upon me, with her face as pale as her son's, and her eyes ablaze with a passion fiercer than his own had been, "you can make out why I hate your sister. It seemed to puzzle you a bit—does it still?"

"I can't make it all out," I answered; "I may guess at much, but I know nothing."

"What does he put on his Sunday coat and his best cravat for, on a week-day like this, the silly Johnny?" she asked.

"Don't call me a silly Johnny," muttered her son.

"What for, Miss Kirby," reiterated Mrs. Simmons, "but that he fancies himself in love with your sister, and that she's coming to meet him—she who cares about as much for him—as he's worth," she added, with a bitterness that made even Dick Simmons shrink, "or as I care for her, and you know what that amounts to."

"Yes, I know that," I answered.

"Ah, but you don't know how that boy of mine has been served," she cried, more fiercely still; "driven the wrong road, from the Sunday-school to the gin-shop; laughed and sneered at by a flirting, vain, trumpery hussy, who thought she'd try and make a fool of Dick, just to keep her hand in. I didn't think Dick was such a fool as that then, or that a chit of a girl could turn him round her little finger as she did, making game of him all the time. She's turned him into that thing," she said, her vindictive disparagement again causing her son to writhe perceptibly, "a curse to himself and to his mother, and I wish her dead for it—there."

"She has done you no harm, has she?" asked Dick.

"If this isn't harm, what is?" she said. "What have you made of home ever since your whining and whinnicking after that girl? Isn't it all a part and parcel of the wretchedness which has flopped down on us? Haven't I come to taking money of her sister, rather than starve? You fool! Take the light and go to bed. You're not fit to sit here."

"I think I'll go to bed," said Dick, with intense gravity. He rose, moved unsteadily toward the table, reached a shaking hand for the light, and shambled out of the room and up stairs noisily. Mrs. Simmons commenced striking lucifers against the mantel-piece, as her son had left us in the dark by his mode of retreat. When she had lighted a second candle, she stooped forward suddenly, and brought her face so close to mine that she startled me.

"Are you crying?" she asked.

"No, not crying exactly," I answered. "I am overwrought, I suppose; this has been a dreadful day to me."

"Oh, yes, I suppose it has. But *she* is not worth crying about, you know."

"I would rather not mention her name again in this house," I said, calmly; "please don't say any thing more about Katie."

"Don't you want to think of her any more, then?"

"To think of her—yes, and to believe the best of her," I said, dashing away with a hasty hand the tears which had betrayed me; "for she has done no harm to any one, I am sure. It is not likely that you or your son could understand my sister."

"Oh, lor!—oh, indeed!" said Mrs. Simmons, ironically.

"I will go to my room," I said.

"All right," said Mrs. Simmons, shortly, "you know where it is."

"Yes."

"You can take this light," and Mrs. Simmons pushed it toward me with no gentle hand; "I shall be striking lucifers all night, at this rate."

When I had bidden Mrs. Simmons good-night, and had reached the parlor door, she said, in the same harsh tones,

"You've had nothing to eat since I've knowed you. Ain't you going to eat?"

"I could not touch any thing yet."

"You'll be ill if you go on like that," she muttered. "I've a biscuit or two that—"

"No, thank you. Good-night."

"Oh, good-night. Do as you like, it's nothing to me."

I went up the stairs slowly—they seemed more of a difficulty to mount than they had been before—and I stopped to reflect upon the possibility of my falling ill in this house, as Mrs. Simmons had hinted at.

"I shall be better to-morrow," I said to myself, assuringly, "better able to get away from Dorset Street. I can't stop here."

I was shuddering at the prospect of a long stay in this uncongenial atmosphere, when Dick Simmons, in his shirt-sleeves, came out on tiptoe to the first landing-place, at which I had arrived.

"I thought it was you," he said, huskily; "I've been waiting for you."

"Ha! to tell me where she is?"

"No; how should I know that? what makes you think I do?" he rejoined.

"I had a hope that you knew."

"That's nonsense—I wish I did. But I've been waiting and listening for you."

"Why?"

"To tell you not to mind the old girl down stairs; she means well—no one better—but she's an awful temper. You mustn't mind," he added, laying a finger on my arm in his tipsy confidence, "all that she has said about Katie—a berrer girl than Katie does not breathe. Not her fault a bit, she's too high-spirited for any thing of the sort. All my fault—'pon my soul, all my own doing—a silly Johnny!"

He quoted his mother's animadversion, as though it were an original comment upon himself, as he backed toward his room, nodding at me gravely. I was glad that he had defended my sister, even in this eccentric fashion; it set her in a better light, and I read only a young man's folly and a pretty girl's fun. Katie had been always full of fun, God bless her; and if all that had been jest for her had been sober earnest for poor Dick Simmons, why, that was Dick Simmons's fault, and no one would be more sorry than Katie when she knew the truth.

Still, in my own room, I cried myself to sleep. I was not so strong-minded a heroine, after all, as I had been inclined to fancy. It was probable that my courage would fail me more as my money grew less, and the world before me became full of sharper angles. Oh dear! I had not begun trying to live yet, and my balance in hand had come down to eight shillings and threepence. But who was that who, with only half a crown in his pocket, made his way to fortune? I had read something of the kind somewhere, and I was sure it was only half a crown.

CHAPTER IX.

AT HOLLOWAY.

I was ill the next day, just as Mrs. Simmons had prophesied that I should be—so sick and ill, so far beyond all power of my own to leave my bed, that I was weak enough to fear that I might die in the thick of a mystery which I could never pierce. It was a thought that robbed me for a while of the little composure that was left; it was hard to think of dying in that room, with Mrs. Simmons scolding me for the trouble that I was to her—with no father, no Katie, no Uncle Jef—not a single face that had ever looked kindly into mine.

But I did not die, and Mrs. Simmons did not scold me. On the contrary, when that lady found me out, shook her head over me, and said, "I told you so"—which assertion appeared to relieve her very much—she came out in such bright colors that they have never wholly faded from me since. They were good wearing colors, such as poor women display at the fore very frequently, when there is a chance for these undemonstratives to "show off."

Mrs. Simmons was positively kind. She brought me tea and dry toast, and, though I was not grateful at the time, she harassed me into taking them; and not till that operation was performed was I aware that she had put brandy in my tea.

"It's the best thing for weakness. There! catch hold and finish it."

"Do you think I shall be better now?"

"Yes—presently. Try and sleep a bit again, and don't fidget yourself more than you can help."

"I'll try and sleep."

"Blest if you're little more than a child yourself," she said. "How old are you?"

"Twenty."

"I thought it wasn't more. You talk of looking after *her*, indeed—the likes of it!" she muttered; "why, she's as old as you are. And you're precious like her too. I wonder I didn't see it earlier; if I had, you wouldn't have been here, though."

"Pray don't begin again!"

"Never mind—I didn't mean to say any thing, with you a-laying there—not quite such a brute as that, I hope, though things are going the wrong way, and rile a body dreadful. But there, there, there!" said Mrs. Simmons, rapidly, "what's it to you? what's it to any body in a hundred years' time?"

She went away, and I dropped off to sleep—or rather to a repetition of the dreams by which I had been beset all night, and which had begun in the front-parlor of Mrs. Simmons's house. I woke up several times during the day, always in wonderment as to where I was, and who was the thin-faced woman looking down upon me with something in her hands that I was either to eat or drink, and from which I begged hard to be mercifully spared. It was not till the next day, which was Sunday, that I was better.

I was sitting at my window when Mrs. Simmons came in and raised her arms aloft in her surprise at finding me dressed for the day.

"Come—that's brave!" she said; "but are you strong enough?"

"I am only a little weak," I replied, "but I shall not give you any more trouble, I hope."

"I hope not too," she said; "for you've enough to bear without falling ill. You're sure you are strong?"

"Yes—quite sure."

"Then there's a letter—I kept it back last night because you were too ill to be bothered—and it was too late to do any thing."

"Oh, why did you do that?" I cried, reproachfully.

I opened the letter impatiently. It contained a few formal lines from the City magistrates, informing me that, under the peculiar circumstances of my case, an order was inclosed for my admittance to Holloway Prison on Monday morning next between twelve and one. I had softened the heart of some one in authority, at least.

"I am very glad," I said.

"What about?"

I informed Mrs. Simmons of the cause for my exultation.

"I don't see much to be glad about in that," she answered.

How the Sunday passed, in my eagerness and impatience to be stirring, to be doing something to break down the barriers by which I seemed surrounded, I hardly knew. I was not well enough to go to church in the morning; and though I tried to read my Bible—as Uncle Jef would have wished me—there came between me and all meditation the expectation of the morrow, and the uncertainty of what that morrow might bring forth. My father had not been allowed to reply to my letter, but I built on an explanation from him that would clear up all mystery, clear up even the clouds about himself. He would advise me what to do, for he had been always a shrewd man; he would tell me where I might find Katie; all to-day he would be thinking about me, as I was thinking about him.

I did not see Richard Simmons in the morning. He had not cared to meet me in his sober moments, his mother had informed me, but had gone out early, she did not know where—she did not care where, she added, with a quick jerk upward of her chin. Very likely he had gone away so as to make the expenses less, now that he was out of work and short of money, she thought. He was "sacked" last Saturday, and must shift with better people than ever he was. But despite this assumed indifference to his welfare, the mother kept her eyes toward the street, and ran once with alacrity to the window when she thought that she saw him passing on the other side of the way. Mrs. Simmons was clad in a rusty brown silk for Sunday wear, and was altogether neat and tidy. The baby was presentable, and Katie's godchild and I were very good friends by tea-time. I boarded and lodged with Mrs. Simmons, after having told her that I was short of money, and must presently fall back upon the contents of my box for payment of the expenses that I had incurred in Dorset Street, unless—and here I paused, and she looked at me over her baby.

"Unless I settle with you now, so far as—"

"I'd rather wait," she answered.

"You preferred money in hand when I first came, and I have no right to break your rules, or expect to be trusted, Mrs. Simmons."

"I'll try and trust you," she said, dryly, "though you are a Kirby."

I went to church in the evening, and Mrs. Simmons volunteered to accompany me.

"Once a week I always go," she said, "and my neighbor comes in to mind the baby till I get back again. But p'raps you'd rather go by yourself," she added, huffily; "you've more the looks of a lady than I have, and we don't make a pair."

"I would rather go with you."

"Dick went with me once reg'ar, but he's given all that up."

She repressed a sigh as she went to the door to admit the neighbor to whose services she had already referred. To the mother's surprise, Dick Simmons had not given it all up, however—there he was sitting in the free seats, grave, quiescent, and attentive. He saw us, and rolled his little gray eyes into their corners at us; but he did not return to Dorset Street after church was over. He came in late. His mother and I had expected a repetition of the Friday night's behavior, but he was as sober as a judge when he returned.

"Good-evening, Miss Kirby. I've had all the supper I want," he said to his mother, after a glance at the bread and cheese which had been set aside for him.

"Where have you been, Dick?"

"For a walk, that's all."

"I wasn't sorry to see you at church again."

"Ah!" was the careless reply, "where was I to go?"

He relapsed into taciturnity after this, and no one attempted to disturb him. Once or twice I caught his gaze directed to myself, as if he were studying me, or comparing me with Katie.

The baby's wailing in the next room having taken the mother to the rescue, he said to me in a quiet, almost a refined manner,

"Do you intend to make a long stay here, Miss Kirby?"

"No—only till to-morrow, I think."

"Indeed. What do you mean to do after to-morrow?"

"I hardly know. I see my father to-morrow, and he will advise me."

"Your father—at Holloway Prison?" he asked, in evident surprise.

"Yes," I replied; "I have a hope that he will know my sister's address."

He looked eagerly at me again, seemed about to speak, altered his mind, and directed his attention to all that was left of the pattern of a faded Kidderminster carpet. He was very thoughtful the remainder of the time that he favored me with his company. When he said good-night, he added, "Remember me to your father in the morning, Miss Kirby," as he went out of the room.

On that memorable morning when I saw my father first in prison, I caught sight of Mr. Simmons's white face watching me from the first floor window as I went away. He seemed interested in me and my movements; and when I stepped into a Holloway omnibus I looked round, half fancying that he might even think it worth his while, and for some inexplicable reason, to follow me. But I did Richard Simmons an injustice, and my new life had already rendered me more than commonly suspicious.

When I found my way to the prison where City offenders are drafted after their conviction, I felt my heart sink ominously; and when, after much critical inspection of me by the warder on duty, I was allowed to enter a little room, while the great gates clanged behind me, I felt very much as if I were going to be locked up for good myself.

In this apartment, bristling with cutlasses and pistols on the walls, my magistrate's order to visit Jonathan Kirby was inspected by the warder, and my name requested to be written in a book that was open for the purpose. That formality having been gone through, I waited until another officer took charge of me across the court-yard, into the great hall, up the stairs trodden by many as forlorn as I was, and into a small room, where I waited for a while, until the officer reappeared and beckoned me.

"You can see him now."

"Thank you," I murmured.

I tried to keep very firm, to walk very steadily into one of a series of compartments fenced by wire, and with wire above my head, having before it a second series of compartments to match, separated from each other by a narrow strip of neutral territory, where an officer took his stand, a silent witness of our interview. There was a click of a lock that seemed to spring back something in my heart along with the wards, and then there entered, with a forced briskness of step, into the compartment facing me, the man I had come to visit, and whom in the streets I should not have recognized. My father, with his hair all white as I had never seen it yet, with a pinched and sallow face, and an attenuated frame, clad in a suit of gray too big for him—my poor father, God help him!

He had prepared himself for this meeting; he had rehearsed the effect in his cell, perhaps, and was more composed than I had hoped to find him. He spoke as if from behind a mask, and there was a convulsive twitching of the muscles of his face that changed him very much, until he recovered himself and gazed steadily from his cage across at me.

"Well, Faith," he said, "so you have come to see me, then!"

CHAPTER X.

THE PRISONER FOR FELONY.

I DID not reply at once to my father's salutation. It took time to recover from the effect of his appearance—from the shock which the change in him had given me. This old man in the gray suit I had not expected to see; I had not thought of the change that four years might have brought to him, and yet four such years of mental anxiety and of personal shame might have bent the form and blanched the hair of men stronger and younger than he. My father had been never a strong man, and yet I had not dreamed of his breaking down like this.

"You are well, I hope?" I stammered forth at last.

"Not very well," he answered; "as well, perhaps, as the rules will permit me to be. The air and the fare are against my getting very strong."

"Oh!—yes."

We had not assumed our natural positions toward each other; it was strange, but it seemed to me that four years of separation had even brought about an odd kind of reserve between us, unless it was the presence of the prison warder that checked all natural demonstration. Of the cause which had placed him in prison I did not like to be the first to speak, and already I saw—or fancied that I saw—a desire on his part to avoid it. He would declare presently that he was innocent, and that by some cruel train of circumstantial evidence, telling and forcible, but false, he had been brought to suffer for the guilty.

"How did you leave your uncle?" he asked, in clearer and more precise tones.

"Well and happy."

"A little always made Jef happy," he replied; then he leaned against the wire-work and coughed violently for a few moments.

"I have caught cold in this wretched place," he said to me; "it's full of draughts, and the early rising at this time of year does not agree with me. Please God, I shall be in the infirmary soon. That is the prisoner's *summum bonum*, Faith."

"Speak English, Kirby," said the warning voice of the official, "and then I can understand you."

"All right, Sir," replied my father, deferentially; "*summum bonum* was no reflection upon the diet, as you probably imagine—it is a Latin reflection, meaning the highest good."

"I don't care what it means," said the official, bluntly; "speak English, and take care what you are about."

I had not liked my father's satire, or the forced politeness with which he had explained himself to the officer. It was painful to me, and, above all, a cruel waste of time.

"When I started from Natal," I said, "it was with very different feelings to these."

"Ah! if you had only waited for my letter—if you had not been in a hurry to return to England—if you had been only more cautious and less precipitate, what a deal of misery it might have saved us both!" he said, almost reproachfully.

"I should have come to England just the same—I should have been more prepared for—for this—that's all," I exclaimed; "but I could not have remained at the Cape, knowing of the trouble that has happened here."

"Good girl," he said, looking down and passing one thin tremulous hand for an instant across his face; "but what use can you be to me—and what real good can you do?"

"Heaven knows that," I replied; "but there is you to think about, and there is Katie."

"And now there is your misery to be added to our unlucky fate. What is to become of you, without friends and without money?—what—"

"Never mind me," I said, interrupting him; "I have youth and strength, and a trust in God not deserting me. I shall not find all the ways of living closed against me, and friends to help will come forward in good time."

"There's Martin Westmair—he promised that he would do the best for you, Faith, that he could."

"Not a Westmair," I said, quickly; "the Westmairs believe you guilty, father."

"Oh yes, so they do," he added, after a furtive glance across at me; "and if you can get on without any body's assistance, so much the better. I despise these Westmairs as much as you do; they have not acted well by me, not one of them; they would not show mercy to an old servant," he cried, more warmly; "they would not overlook one fault or see one excuse; they brought me to this with a relentless cruelty; they had no heart to spare ME."

"Did—did you really take the money, then?" I asked.

I had not believed the reports against him, or had any faith in the justice of his trial. I had only confidence in him, and in the honor of our family that I had never thought to see crushed under foot like this.

He looked down again, and said very slowly in reply,

"Well, I—I certainly took the money—for a time."

"Oh, father! I did not believe it until to-day!"

"I took the money by degrees, Faith, knowing very well that I should be able to return it," he continued; "I was as sure of restoring it as of living, when the blow came for which I was unprepared. It was a loan, not a robbery; the Westmairs would have had every penny back of that money, which they could so well afford to spare, if a little more time had been given me. A week longer I should have been a rich man, as I told you—as I wrote to you."

"In what way?" I said.

"Oh, don't ask me; I can't say now—I daren't. But when I come out of this den, there will be a glorious revenge for you and me over these money-grubbing wretches. We have only two years to bear up and keep strong—only two short years, Faith."

He rubbed one thin hand over the other; his eyes sparkled, and his face lighted up with a new expression, but I took no courage from his change of manner. I was wholly cast down; I stood in the darkness, with all my light of life quenched out—a poor woman, who must bear her share of his shame by the closeness of the tie which linked her to him. I did not believe in his future, and could I have taken every word to heart, it would not have raised my spirits one degree. The stern fact before me was not to be softened down by any far-off dream of prosperity; my father was a thief, and there was no excuse for him.

I could pity him; I could not understand him. I had come there with the desire of sustaining him by asserting that I did not believe in his guilt, that I would wait patiently for his liberty, and devote my life afterward to his comfort, to the proving of his innocence, if it were in any way possible—and now all was over with my fallacy.

There was more for me to do; all might be closing in upon me in the valley of the shadow of crime, but I had not fulfilled my mission. I had not forgotten it; I had kept guard upon the time allowed me for the interview, scoring minute by minute by my little silver watch, but there had been this great, awful stone to roll away first. And it had rolled back upon every hope that I had had.

"It is only looking forward—looking upward to heaven—that can keep us strong for those two years," I said.

"You must not give way, Faith," he replied, with alacrity, turning the tables unceremoniously upon me; "you must be brisk, and look about you. Have you written to your uncle? He might feel disposed to arrange for your passage out again."

"I shall not return to the Cape."

"As you please. In my miserable position, I can not decide what is best for you. How much money have you got?"

"Not a great deal," I replied; "but never mind that. Tell me where to find Katie."

"She has left Dorset Street," he replied; "but I don't know where she is at present. She will write to me when she is settled. She may have written already, for what I know. I must not receive letters too frequently; it is against the rules. If any thing had happened, I should have heard."

"But have you no idea where she is?" I asked, eagerly.

"Not the slightest notion in the world," he answered.

"And you are not anxious about her! I can not understand that, and she so young."

"Katie has a shrewd head on her shoulders," said my father, with an easy confidence; "she is sure to do well. She knows the world, and is not afraid of it. I am far more nervous about you than her, Faith."

"I do not see why."

"Because you do not know the world, my child; you are not a business woman, or see the right way to make the best of every thing," he replied. "Your uncle has spoiled you for any thing like every-day work; I was sure of that by your letters of the last two years, and when I wrote to you to come back, it was to set you above all work forever."

"I am in the greatest fear concerning Katie," I said, indignantly; "I hold it that she is far too young to be surrounded by temptations—to be alone, and without one true friend of whom she might seek counsel."

"Meaning yourself," said my father, with a lurking smile that vexed me, flickering for an instant at the corners of his mouth; "ah, Faith! you must be less conceited if you wish to make your way in the world."

"Yes, yes, perhaps so," I replied, with impatience, "but tell me what you think has become of her. You must have some vague idea or reason for your confidence in her, and her power to keep strong. I left a weak, impulsive, thoughtless girl behind me, when I said good-by in Dorset Street."

"She was only thirteen years of age then—her character had not formed—she was a mere child," he said; "my dear Faith, you do not make any allowance for time."

"You have your own idea where she is," I reiterated, "and that renders you satisfied. But I am reckless and unhappy."

"Katie would get a situation at once; any one would see that she was a shrewd and sharp young woman," my father argued. "She is clever at many things, would do for a governess, a teacher of music and singing, a milliner—she always made her own bonnets wonderfully well—any thing. What does it matter, for two years, how she works, so that she works honestly? She will have the patience to wait for my liberty, and after that I promise both of you independence, not as a dream, but as a solid and substantial fact, upon which you and she may infallibly rely—infallibly!" he repeated, his face lighting up again with the strange suddenness that I had before noticed.

"And you do not know—you can not guess—where Katie is?" I urged once more, without heeding his sanguine utterances.

"My dear girl, I can not guess at present. If I knew, I would tell you. Why should I keep two sisters apart, who would be of mutual service and support to each other?"

"Why should you, indeed!" I said, discomfited.

"You need not distress yourself about Katie," he said; "she was partly earning her own living—keeping home together with me—before the collapse came."

"Ah! no one has told me that before," I cried.

"She was short of pocket-money, and I was not able to increase it, so she found a few pupils to take elementary lessons in music; she was quick and clever, and, with all my faults, I had not neglected her education any more than I had yours. I would even suggest in your case an advertisement for—"

"Do you know the addresses of any of those pupils?" I asked, eagerly.

"Upon my word, I never troubled myself about them. I can not tell you; perhaps Mrs. Simmons can."

"No, she can not, I am afraid. It was not her business."

"I could not spare a moment to think of any thing but my own plans," he said, half in apology; "early and late, before and after business hours, I was paving my way to fortune, Faith."

Paving his way to jail, he meant, but I did not say so, though a sense of injury was stronger within me than he ever knew. He had not thought much of Katie; she had been left wholly to herself, poor child; she had grown callous or indifferent to neglect, and to the sad surroundings which neglect of her had caused, and the result he had termed her knowledge of the world.

"If I could only find her—only judge her for myself!" I murmured.

The warder shuffled with his feet, and yawned. I looked quickly at my watch: it was close upon the time to close an interview in which I had learned nothing, and by which I had encountered only disappointment. Every thing was against Faith Kirby when she came back to England!

"I suppose we must say good-by in a minute or two," he remarked. "You must get acquainted with the rules of the place, and find out when to write, and the days when you will be allowed to see me. I wish I knew what you thought of doing," he added, with that strange aggravating concern for me, and unconcern for his younger daughter, that had already irritated me.

"Did you ever hear that Richard Simmons was in love with Katie, and that there was between them some kind of flirtation?" I suddenly thought of asking him.

"God bless me—never!" exclaimed my father, betraying more surprise and interest than I had anticipated. "I should not have allowed it for an instant. I am astonished—who told you? How could it have occurred that a wretched fellow like Simmons— Oh, you must have been misinformed, Faith."

"His mother was my informant," I replied; "he does not seek to conceal that he is attached to Katie."

"Attached, indeed! And does he think that Katie is attached to him?" he cried.

"No."

"Of course not. He—"

"Time's up," said the warder.

"One moment!" I cried. "I have a suspicion that he knows where Katie is, or knows something more concerning her than he has ventured to tell me. Is that likely?"

"Very unlikely," said the prisoner, in reply; "but there's no telling. Watch him. Good-by, child. Keep strong; remember, mine is not a long sentence, and if I ever get out of this it will be well with all of us. God bless you, good-by."

"Good-by."

The door opened behind me, and I was hurried away. The interview was over, and I had profited nothing by it. I had been amazed by many things: by his trust in Katie and his want of trust in me, by his confession of guilt, and—greatest amazement as well as sorrow to me—by his total want of penitence for the crime which had placed him there a prisoner. If I had been allowed a longer grace, if I could have been with him all day, and so have understood him better, and seen more deeply into his heart—if he had not altered so much in character, as well as in outward appearance—if I could have won his confidence a little more before I went away!

It was bright day still when a warder was locking and chaining behind me the great gates through which I had passed, but I did not see my way so clearly as on the night I first came back. Through the fog and darkness about me then, I had more hopes than one to keep me strong—how many were left me now?

CHAPTER XI.

STRUGGLING.

IT has not fallen to the lot of many who cast their eyes upon these pages to feel as utterly alone as myself in a great city, completely isolated from that kith and kin on whom one naturally relies when the unforeseen strikes hard, and beats down. I could not believe in any one to help me; I felt that I must help myself or perish.

The Westmairs recurred to me once—the offer of Martin Westmair to befriend me, more than once—but it was these people who had brought about my misfortune, and who had suffered by my father's acts. Better die than go to them—than be in any way indebted to them, I thought, even if they would help me, which, for some reason that I did not gauge, I doubted extremely. The Westmairs had been wronged, but they had been merciless, and the stern man whom I had faced in the counting-house, and who had told me the truth, clearly and coldly, and with no sign of feeling for my sore distress, I already disliked and feared. By my own exertions I must sink or swim.

I began to strive for myself, after my own fashion, not forgetting Katie meanwhile, and doing all in my power to find her that I could. Mrs. Simmons knew nothing of Katie's pupils—

she had heard of them, but had not troubled her head concerning them. Before the piano was sold, one or two "bits of girls" used to take lessons in the first floor front, my landlady informed me; but she had never asked their names, or, she added with a sniff, thought that they were worth much. As for friends in the neighbors, Katie had never had any friends. The same question put to Dick Simmons elicited a similar response—he had been interested in Katie, but not in her surroundings.

Still I persevered in the hope of finding her. When I was about my own business, I sought the most crowded thoroughfares, thinking that in some open street or park, or at some window, I should see her fresh young face again. Meanwhile I strove hard to fight my way out of my difficulties. I read the newspapers for advertisements of governesses or companions, I answered all that seemed suitable to my capacity; I advertised once on my own account, and received fourteen answers from agents anxious to direct my attention to their respective methods of bringing my requirements before the public; I called upon one or two clergymen who were polite, and one or two clergymen's wives who were not; I endeavored to discover a Mr. Green, who had been a friend of Uncle Jef's years ago, and whose name suddenly recurred to me, and I found out that he was dead; I tried the Missionary Society that had sent out Uncle Jef, but I was not in their line, and they were very sorry, but they really could not do any thing for me. There were a few who seemed interested, and who promised to write if they should hear of any thing—but they never heard, or they had shocking bad memories, poor things. Sometimes I think that, had I been less open in my revelation—for my father's story always rose to the surface and set my listeners against me—I might have done better, and found life easier to confront, even with no references to back my claims. And if mine had not been a fight against time, the chances would have been more in my favor. Uncle Jef would think of something for me when I could hear from him; and yet he was very poor, and I could not return to Natal even if he could raise the money, with so much mystery about me. And time was every thing.

By the end of October I had disposed of my watch and ear-rings—the locket with Katie's hair in it I still clung to—and was looking wistfully down into the big box of clothes which had found its way to Dorset Street. After the box was empty, what then? I marveled very much what then, and Mrs. Simmons marveled with me if she were in a good temper; and if any accident had rendered her more fretful than ordinary, she would say it served me right for leaving a good home in a wild-goose fashion. She was always sorry in her better moods for all that she had said in her worse; for, after all, she was a good woman, whom ill luck had only ground to a sharp edge.

All the month of November Dick Simmons was dull and steady, and his mother hoped that he was growing out of his nonsense when he stopped at home every evening, and went to sleep with his head over the back of the chair and his mouth wide open.

"I think he is coming round," she said more than once to me; "p'raps being out of work for a while won't do him any harm. It's done silly people a sight of good afore this."

Misfortunes had not come alone to this little house, and Mrs. Simmons, her son, and I were all out of work together. There was not any prospect of getting work either, and Dick's Sunday suit, of which his mother was somewhat vain, went the way of many articles that had come from Natal in my big box, and of many little household gods, the especial property of my cross landlady. How they got to the pawnbroker's—for that was the destination at which they finally arrived—was by a circuitous route, common enough to such shabby-genteel people as we were. We were too proud in our little ways to face the pawnbroker ourselves. Mrs. Simmons would not have had her neighbors know for the world that she was completely down, and I was ashamed, and dreadfully conscious that I was not so strong-minded as I ought to have been. We did not lose by the employment of a commission agent—a sharp-dealing, bargain-driving, coaxing woman, who knew every pawnbroker's shop, and the idiosyncrasies of every pawnbroker's assistant, within a mile and a half of Dorset Street, and whose small commission on the transaction repaid her for her trouble, and spared our petty pride. In a poor neighborhood there is always one of these business-like go-betweens, as among the poor there are always a certain proportion too proud to own how low they have fallen, and too proud or nervous themselves to cross the threshold of that handy shop with the three balls, where money is lent on proper securities, of which the maximum is diamonds, and the minimum flat-irons.

By the middle of December we were almost facing the worst; we had made a brave fight for it, and had only just begun to talk of giving up, and of not knowing which way to turn. Dick Simmons was still out of work—dull and patient, if not enterprising—a man whom I did not take to in any great degree, and yet whom I did not wholly dislike. In his sober moments he was amiable and willing; ready to help his mother by holding the baby, or going out on errands for her; but he was always taciturn and stolid, and not good company. The big box was empty at last; all my best things had been negotiated for, and the landlord was threatening to seize on Mrs. Simmons's furniture for the quarter's rent, due last Michaelmas. We three unfortunates stared each other in the face one evening, and acknowledged that we did not see our way much further along the flinty road which we had pursued together for seven weeks.

"The sticks will be seized, that's the next thing," said Mrs. Simmons; "and then there's the House for me and baby, and p'raps Dick."

"If it wasn't the winter coming on!" said Dick, moodily; "that's the worst of it, the infernal winter."

"I don't see how you're to get along without us, Faith," Mrs. Simmons remarked, slowly, after Dick had put on his hat and walked out of the house.

I had become "Faith" to her in these unlucky days; a common trouble had made us better friends, and when we did not speak of Katie we agreed pretty well together.

"I suppose they will take me into the House too," I said, with a little shiver. "Do I belong to this parish, or to any parish? Presently I shall hear from Pietermaritzburg" (which I never, never did!), "and all will be well. But till then I must bear up as well as I can."

"You're not a bad one to bear up, and trying hard and finding nothing don't seem to make you fret much," said Mrs. Simmons; "that's why you're the first Kirby I ever had a good opinion on."

"I don't believe that this misery is to last; I can't believe even now that I am wholly without friends," I said.

"How about those Westmairs?"

I hesitated; for the first time there was a strong temptation to seek them out, but I resisted it. In the face of Martin Westmair there had been good nature, and he had proffered help once, but I could not seek charity from him. And the other man, dark and stern and unsympathetic, who had repelled me on that foggy afternoon on which I had met him first, he was only to be thought of with a shudder, as the evil genius who had cast a blight upon my life.

"No, not the Westmairs," I said; "if I despise any body, it is those people."

"I dare say you're right," murmured Mrs. Simmons.

"This is the last week that I can pay you any thing for board and lodging."

"Oh, I know," said Mrs. Simmons, shortly.

"So I'll go."

"Go where?"

"I don't quite know; I must make my case known to the—"

"Yes, yes, presently," said Mrs. Simmons, again interrupting me; "I guess what you're going to say, but don't say it. And—don't go, girl; don't leave me; if there's any fight left in us, let's fight it out together. There!"

She ran out of the room with the baby to prevent further argument or thanks on my part, and I remained by the empty fire-grate to shed a few tears over this cross woman's kindness, for from a Simmons to a Kirby it was more than common kindness, I was sure. It was not wholly for my money that Mrs. Simmons wished me to remain, and I did not feel so much alone in the world after that. Odd it was that I had learned to respect this woman; more odd was it, possibly, that she had taken kindly to me.

We fought on, and the landlord was a lenient man, who did not put his awful threat of "execution" into effect. Thank Heaven, there are some men easy with the rent down the back streets, in the shadows of which the starvelings struggle! We struggled with the rest, and Mrs. Simmons obtained a little work occasionally at neighbors' houses, while I was useful at home taking care of baby. There was no work for me; my character had not come from Natal, my father was in prison, and there was no one to trust me. I was strong still—I had the vigor and the power to work, but the task-master was wanting. The shops were full of young women, and there were hundreds with excellent references waiting their turn to be employed—what could I expect under the circumstances but society's cry of "Stand back?"

It was at this time that Dick Simmons took to drinking again. Weak-minded man as he was—with all the slates on the roof not properly adjusted—this was no matter of surprise to me, and only a natural disappointment to the mother, who thought poor Dick had taken a turn for the better. That which really surprised us both was, where Dick found the money to get drunk with. Night after night, for one week, did Dick Simmons return to Dorset Street in the same muddled and benumbed condition of mind, never betraying any hilarity in his cups, but maintaining the same stolidity of aspect, varied now and then by a spasmodic burst of excitement, which had marked his manner on the first evening that I had had the honor of his acquaintance. In the morning he would slink from the house without seeing us, if it were possible, but when intercepted on the door-mat by his mother, he would set his back against the wall and argue the case out, taking his stand decisively on the one point that he had not had a drop too much the night before.

"If you have any money, you should know better than to drink it away now," said Mrs. Simmons, in her last *rencontre* with her hopeful offspring.

"I haven't a penny."

"Then how do you get drink?"

"I meet a pal or two and they stand treat," he explained—"they don't stand much, not so much as I should if I was in work," he added, with a sorrowful shake of his head over the little meannesses of his acquaintances—"and it knocks me over at times. I was not drunk last night, upon my soul."

"What was the matter with you?"

"I was only miserable."

"Oh, get out!" cried Mrs. Simmons; "a pretty son you are—there, go and drink your hardest."

"I'm going to try for a place."

"Try away!" and Mrs. Simmons banged the street-door so closely upon the retreating figure of her son, that that promising young man ran a little way into the road, where he paused and scowled back at the house, before turning in the direction of Tudor Street. Later in the day I met Richard Simmons in Fleet Street; he was not a particularly smart young man to be seen with in the broad daylight—his Sunday suit, we know, having gone the way of many things—but I was shabby myself now. I had made one or two calls at dress-makers' and drapers' in the hope of procuring needle-work—I shudder still at these past efforts, and the miserable monotony of failure which invariably followed—and Dick had waited for me outside one of these establishments.

"Any good?" he asked, like a man interested in my rise in life.

I shook my head and tried to smile. He had not appeared interested in my efforts before, and I was astonished at his curiosity. I asked him if he had been more fortunate than I.

"Not a bit. I shall enlist if this goes on much longer," he said, "or if mother nags me much more. As if I had not enough to worry me as it is!"

He looked so hard at me that I said,

"Have you any thing more to worry you than your mother has?"

He gave vent to a short laugh.

"I should think I had. Did you see your father at Holloway that day?" he asked, after a sudden pause.

"Yes."

"What did he say about Katie?" he inquired, eagerly. "What did he think of it all? Has he heard from her? Does she write to him?"

"He has not heard from Katie," I answered.

"He does not know where she is?"

"No more than you do," I said.

The old suspicion that Dick Simmons knew more of Katie than he had ever cared to own came to me in full force, when I had become aware of the effect of my reply. I had not intended to startle him in any way; but when he turned very red, and looked for an instant in a scared manner at me, the doubts that I had had of him rose again in full force.

"Oh, Dick!" I cried, "you do know, then—and yet you keep me in the dark in this way."

"No—no—don't think that, Miss Kirby," he said.

He crossed the road and walked rapidly away, to avoid my further questioning. He did not return home till a late hour, and it was with the same shuffling tread and fishy eyes that he entered the parlor and looked round at us.

"Any news?" he asked, in a thick voice.

There was no news.

"Any letters?"

No, there were no letters.

These were his invariable questions, after which he would sit down for a few minutes, and after muttering something about "bed," say "Good-night," and shuffle his way up stairs. On this occasion his mother said, after his withdrawal,

"I won't stand this any longer. I'll find out where he goes, and who makes him drunk like this, if I watch him for a week."

Watch him! It had been my father's advice that I should do that if I suspected in any way that he was in communication with Katie. And if he knew where Katie was, and was hiding that secret from me, and to my disadvantage—perhaps to my sister's—surely I had a right to follow one who was taking this heartless part against me. If his actions were straightforward, I should do him no harm; and if they led me to Katie, I was doing my duty. Still, I shrank from playing the spy upon him, though in the mystery about his actions there seemed to me a key to Katie's life.

I told Mrs. Simmons of my suspicions, and what my father had advised me to do, and she said, quickly,

"It's not that foolery! Dick could not have kept it to himself all this while; he's not deep enough. You can come with me if you like and see for yourself, though. We shall not have to go farther than the first gin-shop."

"No, thank you, I would rather not follow him."

The thought of playing the spy upon Dick Simmons made me blush still. I resolved to leave that task to the mother, relying upon any information which she might be able to obtain for me. But when the opportunity came I was less a heroine than I had hoped to be, and Mrs. Simmons was not at hand to take my place.

The mother and baby were from home when Dick Simmons came in to his tea one Saturday evening. He was not in the habit of taking tea with us now. Most of his time was spent in the streets, looking out for the new berth that was never available, and his return was a surprise.

"Your mother is out," I said, "but I can make you some tea if you wish."

"Is there any left?"

"A little."

"Never mind," he said. "I don't want any. I thought some might be about, that's all."

To do Dick Simmons justice, he was a man who never sponged on his mother; who, in fact, endured much privation in order to lessen the housekeeping expenses. Perhaps he even got intoxicated late at night that he might spoil his appetite for the next day, and this drinking-bout was part of his theory. Dick Simmons was determined not to have any tea that evening, at least.

"I shall be off again directly," he said. "It doesn't matter, Miss Kirby. Go on with your work. What work is it?"

"It is needle-work which your mother has obtained," I said.

"And you're helping her. That's kind of you," he remarked.

He went up stairs to his room, from which I thought he would never come down again, wherein I was inclined to think by degrees, not being used to his eccentricities, that something serious had happened to him. It was five o'clock when he had returned; it was half past seven when I had grown nervous enough to proceed up stairs and knock at his door.

There was no answer, and, becoming alarmed, I turned the handle of the door, which was unlocked, and peered into the room. He had only gone to sleep, I thought, with his head upon his arms, which he had folded on the top of the chest of drawers before which he was standing. His wiry hair was in close proximity to a candle-flame, quenched to a lurid blot by its neglected wick. As I turned the handle he jumped nervously, knocked a card off the drawers to the floor, looked round, and glared at me.

"What is it?" he exclaimed. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing, only you did not answer when I knocked, and I was afraid that you were ill."

"I'm all right. I think I must have fallen asleep. I've got a knack of dozing off like this."

I should have withdrawn, apologizing for my intrusion on his toilet, had my attention not been directed to that which he had swept from the drawers to the strip of carpet at his feet. It was his nervous stoop toward it that attracted me, otherwise his red eyes, swollen with crying, had been sufficient to engage my notice. It was a carte de visite that he was anxious to pick up before I should perceive it; but my eyes were sharp, and the distance from the door to the drawer was not a great one. The instant afterward, when it was clutched in his trembling hand, I was sure whose portrait it was. All so quick and sudden as it had been, still I was not deceived, and it was Katie's likeness upon which he was turning the key in the top drawer.

"That is my sister's carte!" I cried.

"No, it isn't. You're always wrong," he answered, savagely.

I went down stairs convinced that I was right, trying to make sure in my own mind of the face that I had seen, being quite sure that that was Katie's face, for all the womanly look that four years had given to it, and for all the fleeting glimpse I had had. I was wondering why Dick Simmons should conceal it and make a mystery of it, when he came into the parlor with a light in his hand. He was clad in the one every-day suit that was left to him; but a remnant of past finery, in the shape of his vivid blue stock, had been plastered on his chest and over his soiled linen.

"I sha'n't be late, tell mother," he said, without looking at me, as he turned toward the passage.

As the door closed, the thought seized me that he was going to Katie; that now, by following him, I might solve the mystery which kept her hidden from me. In a minute it was settled in my mind that I would find out where he was going. I was a woman at her wits' end, who was being trifled with, and kept from true friends and real assistance. I would make sure if he were going to Katie or not. He was keeping something back; there was a motive for its concealment, and I must find it out.

My bonnet and shawl had not been long laid aside; they were still on the sofa in the parlor. I put them on with trembling hands, and in one minute I had extinguished the light, and was closing the street-door noiselessly behind me. It had been doubtful at what hour Mrs. Simmons and baby would return, or who would be at home first after a long quest for work, and we were both furnished with latch-keys, the property of the lodgers, when lodgers were up stairs. I had been very quick, but I thought that I had missed the one whom I had resolved to follow to his haunts, wherever they might be. There was no sign of Dick Simmons in the ill-lighted street, but I turned into Tudor Street, and hurried along toward Bridge Street, Blackfriars. At the top of the street I saw him slouching on toward the bridge. I was acting ungenerously, perhaps, but I was excited, and I was glad that I had come upon his track.

He passed over the bridge to the Surrey side of London, loitering once by the way to look at the dark river, and then went on rapidly, like a man whose mind was made up to his destination. In my shabby shawl and brown dress, I followed, scarcely able to keep up with him, and thankful when he slackened his pace a little. I knew that I had grown weaker lately—much weaker—by my trouble in walking as fast as he did, by my weak knees, and an odd internal catching which brought on fitful attacks of side-ache, that suggested my giving up, and sitting on a door-step to recover all the breath which I had lost. But I kept on with him, and after a while he walked less rapidly, and rendered my task more easy. Thus I passed from my still life, my dead level of hard times, to a life of which I had never dreamed when I shut myself out that night in Dorset Street.

CHAPTER XII.

THE HALL OF HARMONY.

BEING City-born, and for years of my child-life confined to City streets, the great tract of poor man's land across the bridge was utterly unknown to me. The Surrey side was a *terra incognita*, and the streets and by-ways of Lambeth a labyrinth wherein I had never lost myself before. I followed Dick Simmons closely, keeping so short a distance behind him as the streets grew full of people that, had he turned, he must have seen me. The crowds about that Saturday night did not alarm me; the elements of poverty and crime were thick enough, a surging mass of humankind; but, making allowance for increase of numbers and difference of locality, they were the same men, women, and children huckstering before the same cheap shops, and quarreling at the doors of the same garish gin-palaces that were common to the streets in Drury Lane or Holborn. The thoroughfares were of a greater length, and there was more uproar in them—one, I thought, would never end its line of bakers', butchers', and oil shops, its rows of coster-mongers' stalls and barrows on the curb-stones, its long and grim procession of those who had come out to buy, or sell, or beg, or steal, who choked up the pavement, and